PLATO

Apud F. Ursinum in gemma.

PLATO

Apud F. Ursinum in gemma.

T. Jones
8473.de.21

PHEDON:

OR, A DIALOGUE OF THE Immortality of the Soul.

FROM

PLATO the DIVINE PHILOSOPHER.

K [Two or more Works. - English.]

It muſt be ſo .... PLATO, thou reaſon'ſt well ....
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis heaven itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

ADDISON's CATO, Act v. Sc. 1

LONDON:

Sold by J. DAVIDSON, in Pater-Noſter-Row.

MDCCLXXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

DISCOURSE

CONCERNING

PLATO.

WHAT is daily ſeen to happen to the nobleſt houſes, whoſe great names are uſurped by obſcure families, ſo that the real heirs, who only have right to bear them, are in time no longer diſtinguiſhed, has been the fate of philoſophy. A vaſt number of arts and ſciences, which indeed may be ſerviceable in their places, but deſerve only to be the ſlaves of that ſcience, which alone makes our lives equally good and happy, have ſeized on this ſplendid name, and made it contemptible in the eyes of men. We have now no idea of a true philoſopher, ſince this majeſtic title is profuſely beſtowed on a kind of lazy and curious people, who make it their ſole buſineſs to underſtand ſome of the ſecrets of nature, and ſpend the time of their life in making experiments on the weight of the air, and the virtues

of the loadſtone. This name has been ſtill more degraded, in being beſtowed upon thoſe, whoſe inſatiable avarice chains them day and night to a furnace; as if gold, the largeſt quantity of which is not to be compared to the leaſt virtue, were the end of philoſophy. In ſhort, men are not content with having given it ſuch blemiſhes as theſe, but have alſo rendered the name hateful in caſting it away on thoſe libertines, who, by a pretended ſtrength of thought, which at beſt is no better than weakneſs and ignorance, live rather like beaſts than men. Is it then to be wondered at, that philoſophy is miſtaken and diſregarded, and that men no longer pay her that reſpect and veneration, which ſhe formerly excited in their minds? Aſhamed of being confounded with the daughters of the earth, ſhe is re-aſcended to heaven, from whence Socrates brought her.

To be really a philoſopher, is to have temperance, juſtice, and fortitude, to love the truth, to avoid ſenſual pleaſures, to hate riches; to weaken, as much as may be, the bands that faſten the ſoul to the body; to hate and deſpiſe the body, which is always oppoſing wiſdom; to renounce all our deſires, to fear neither the poverty, nor ſhame, nor reproach we may be expoſed to, for the ſake of righteouſneſs and truth; to do good to mankind, even to our very enemies; to have nothing in view, but how to die well; and for this end to renounce one's ſelf and every thing elſe. This is the idea the wiſeſt heathens had of philoſophy.

A man needs only to read Plato to be perfectly informed of the extent of their knowledge: For

his writings have amaſſed together all the truths that were ſcattered up and down in the works of other philoſophers; and with the advantage of new diſcoveries of his own, they compoſe, as it were, a body of doctrine, which contains the higheſt perfection of knowledge to be found among the heathens.

Let a man read ever ſo little of him with attention, and reflect upon what he teaches, and he'll eaſily perceive, that God, to ſtop the mouth of incredulity, was long ſince preparing the way for the converſion of the heathens, which had been ſo often foretold by the prophets: For, was it not the work of God, and a kind of preludium of their converſion, that a heathen in the moſt idolatrous city in the world, and almoſt four hundred years before the light of the goſpel illuminated the univerſe, ſhould declare and prove a great part of the truths of the Chriſtian religion?

The circumſtance of the time is remarkable, for Plato began to write immediately after the three laſt prophets that were in Iſrael. So that as ſoon as the prophets ceaſed among the Jews, God raiſes up philoſophers to enlighten the Gentiles; and divers of the principles of the goſpel are taught at Athens. Where it is proved,

That there is but one God; and that we ought to love and ſerve him, and endeavour to reſemble him in holineſs and righteouſneſs; and that this God rewards humility and puniſhes pride.

That the true happineſs of man conſiſts in being

united to God, and his only misery in being separated from him.

That the soul is mere darkness, unless it be enlightened by God: That men are not capable even of praying well, unless God teaches them that prayer, which alone can be useful to them.

That there is nothing solid and substantial but piety; and that this is the origin of virtues, and that it is the gift of God.

That 'tis better to die than sin.

That we ought always to be learning to die, and yet to endure life in obedience to God.

That 'tis a crime to hurt our enemies, and to revenge ourselves for the injuries we have received.

That 'tis better to suffer wrong than to do it.

That God is the sole cause of good, and cannot be the cause of evil, which always proceeds only from our disobedience, and the ill use we make of our liberty.

That self-love produces that discord and division which reign among men, and is the cause of their sins; that the love of our neighbours, which proceeds from the love of God as its principle, produced that sacred union which makes families, republics, and kingdoms happy.

That the world is nothing but corruption, that we ought to fly from it, to join ourselves to God, who alone is our health and life; and that while we live in this world we are surrounded by enemies, and have a continual combat to endure, which requires on our part a resistance without intermission; and that we cannot conquer, unless God or his angels come to our aid.

That the WORD framed the world, and made it viſible; and that the knowledge of the WORD makes us live very happily here below, and that thereby we obtain felicity after death. Λογος.

That the ſoul is immortal, that the dead ſhall riſe again, that there ſhall be a latter judgment both of the righteous and the wicked, when men ſhall appear only with the virtues or vices, which ſhall be the occaſion of their eternal happineſs or miſery.

Plato had ſo great and true an idea of real righteouſneſs, and was ſo thoroughly acquainted with the corruption of mankind, that he makes it appear, that if a man perfectly righteous ſhould come upon earth, he would find ſuch oppoſition in the world, that he would be impriſoned, reviled, ſcourged, and, in fine, crucified by ſuch, who, though they were extremely wicked, would yet paſs for righteous men. Socrates was the firſt proof of this demonſtration. For, as St. Juſtin ſays, the devils ſeeing this philoſopher made their nullity appear by the diſcovery of the truth, and that he endeavoured to reclaim men from giving them religious worſhip; theſe malicious ſpirits ſo ordered the matter by means of men who were corrupt, and took pleaſure in vice, that this righteous man was put to death as if he had been a wicked perſon, that lived without God in the world, and introduced new Gods.

We underſtand by the holy ſcripture, which is the ſole lamp of truth, that natural religion was

the firſt uſe men made of their reaſon; that luſt and irregular paſſions having corrupted their reaſon, they gave themſelves up to the ſacrilegious worſhip of idols: and that God, to ſtop the courſe of this abomination, made himſelf known a ſecond time, and gave the Jewiſh law, which as it revived in the minds of men the principles of the law of nature, ſo it promiſed a more ſacred and perfect covenant which the righteous were to expect, and which alone was capable of triumphing over death; and ſo alone able to conduct men to a glorious immortality.

Plato ſeems to have been acquainted with the divine conduct in this matter, and to endeavour to reclaim the heathens by the ſame means.

He gave a law, which, in its principal heads, is entirely conformable to the tradition of the Hebrews, and the precepts of Moſes and the prophets; from whom he has borrowed that which is moſt rational and ſubſtantial in his works.

Plato is not content to give a teſtimony only to natural religion and the Jewiſh law, but alſo in ſome ſort pays homage to Chriſtianity; in piercing by a ſupernatural light, into a part of thoſe ſhadows and figures that covered it; and in propoſing moſt of the greateſt motives, and glorious objects, which it has always employed to raiſe men above themſelves, and to make them maſters of their paſſions.

"A bleſſed immortality (ſays he) is a great prize "ſet before us, and a great object of hope, which "ſhould engage us to labour all the time of our "life to gain wiſdom and virtue."

'Tis commonly enquired on this ſubject, how the books of Moſes and thoſe of the prophets could come to Plato's knowledge, and I'll declare what ſeems moſt probable to me.

After the departure of the Iſraelites out of Egypt, they always continued their traffic with the Egyptians; the captivity of king Jehoachaz, and the dwelling of the prophets Jeremiah and Baruch in Egypt could not permit the Egyptians to forget theſe things.

Pythagoras about this time travelled into Egypt, from whence he brought theſe traditions into Greece; his diſciples revealed them to Socrates, who informed Plato of them, and he, to be more perfectly inſtructed in them, went to the ſame place, where he might not only ſee the grand-children, but the children of ſuch as had diſcourſed with the fugitives that retired thither with thoſe prophets. In whatever manner he got his knowledge, it is certain he could draw that tradition he calls Sacred from no other ſpring. From whom, unleſs from the Hebrews, could the Egyptians have a tradition which contained ſuch ſurpriſing doctrine, and which never any other people had heard any thing of, before God's peculiar people were taught it?

THE INTRODUCTION TO *CRITO.*

SOCRATES, in his apology, has furniſhed us with an admirable plan of an honeſt man's defence, when unjuſtly charged. And in this dialogue, which is entitled, *Of what we ought to do*, he gives us a yet more exact plan of the conduct of a good man, and the obedience he owes to juſtice and the laws, even in dying when they demand it, though at the ſame time it were eaſy for him to eſcape. Whilſt Socrates was in priſon, his friends, being more concerned for his life than himſelf, had retained the goaler. Every thing was in readineſs for making his eſcape; and Crito goes into the priſon before day, to inform him of the good news, and to perſuade him not to diſregard the precious opportunity. Socrates hears him, and commends his zeal: But before he would comply, aſks him, Whether it was juſt for him to go out

of priſon, without the conſent of the Athenians? So that the point to be decided in this dialogue, is, whether a man unjuſtly condemned to die, can innocently fly from the hand of juſtice and the law? Socrates was the only man of the age he lived in, that called that in queſtion; and, which is yet more amazing, were he now living, he would be the only man in this our age. All that we obſerve before our eyes, or read of in our hiſtories; in a word, all the inſtances of what men have done through the love of life, and the dread of death, have ſo debauched our underſtandings, that we are ſcarce fit to judge of what true juſtice requires, and are ready to call every thing juſt, that's univerſally practiſed. Now there cannot be a greater error. However, ſince the conduct of a heathen, that choſe rather to die, than to fly from the courſe of juſtice, would ſeem to us the effect of folly, or ſtrong prejudice; let's try if we can hit upon the ſolid reaſon, that may reclaim us by its authority, and convince us by its light. The Chriſtian religion affords a vaſt number ſuch: But we ſhall confine ourſelves to one, which in a ſupreme degree is juſtly intitled to both theſe characters. St. Paul, being impriſoned in Macedonia, one night the priſon-doors opened, and his chains fell off, and he was ſo far from eſcaping himſelf, that he prevented others from doing it. Peter being put in priſon by Herod, who had determined to put him to death after the paſſover, eſcaped the night before the day of execution. But how did he do it? God did not ſatisfy himſelf with unlocking his chains, and opening the priſon-

doors, but ſent an angel, who puſhed him on, and obliged him to go along. This was the conduct of the ſaints. Though the priſon be open, they do not try to make their eſcape. Nothing leſs than an angel can oblige them to go out of priſon. Socrates, who was no ſaint, but followed as cloſe as poſſible in the ſame light that guides and enlightens the ſaints, obſerves the ſame conduct: They opened the priſon, and unlooſed his chains, but his angel was mute, and he would not move. He preferred an innocent death before a criminal life: But before he came to a reſolution, he heard the reaſons of his friend, who ſpeaks very ſtrenuouſly, and omits nothing that could ſoften him: And after that, with a divine eloquence, confronted him with incontrovertable maxims, founded upon truth and juſtice, in which one may trace the rays of the evangelical doctrine, viz. "That we ought to diſregard the opinions of "men, and regard only the judgment of God; "that it is not living, but living well, that "ſhould be our deſire; that juſtice is the life, "and injuſtice the death of the ſoul; that we "ought not to annoy our enemies, or reſent the "injuries we receive; that 'tis better to die, than "to ſin; that we muſt obey the law of our country; "that the injuſtice of men cannot juſtify our diſ-"reſpect to the laws; and that the laws of this "world have ſiſter-laws in the other, which revenge "the affronts put upon them here."

Such were the principles that Socrates went upon. Thoſe who take the trouble to examine them and weigh their conſequences, will be fully con-

vinced, not only that Socrates acted the part of an honeſt man in refuſing to eſcape, but likewiſe that he could not be a good man if he did otherwiſe. And it was with this view, that Quintilian ſaid, This philoſopher, by quitting the ſmall remainder of his life, repaired all the former part of it, and likewiſe gained a life to all ages. 'Tis ſuch thoughts as theſe that our ſouls ſhould always have in view, in order to keep out vice; for if once we relent and permit the enemy to gain ſome ground, under a ſpecious pretence and a taking appearance, it will quickly maſter all, and overflow all the banks that ſhould obſtruct its courſe.

CRITO:

OR,

Of what we ought to do.

Socrates and *Crito.*

Soc. WHAT's the occaſion of your coming here ſo ſoon, Crito? As I take it, 'tis very early.

Crit. Indeed it is.

Soc. What a clock may it be then?

Crit. A little before the break of day.

Soc. I wonder that the goaler permitted you to come in.

Crit. He is one I know very well. I have been with him here frequently; and he is in ſome meaſure obliged to me.

Soc. Are you but juſt come! Or is it long ſince you came?

Crit. I have been here a pretty while.

Soc. Why did you not awaken me then when you came in?

Crit. Pray God forbid, Socrates. For my own part, I would gladly ſhake off the cares and anxiety that keep my eyes from ſhutting. But when I entered this room, I wondered to find you ſo ſound aſleep, and was loath to awaken you, that I might not deprive you of thoſe happy minutes. Indeed, Socrates, ever ſince I became acquainted with you, I have been always delighted with your patience and calm temper; but in a diſtinguiſhing manner in this juncture, ſince, in the circumſtances you are in, your eye looks ſo eaſy and unconcerned.

The mildneſs of Socrates on the eve before his death.

His calmneſs and patience.

Soc. Indeed, Crito, it would be very unbecoming in one of my age to be fearful of death.

Crit. Ay! And how many do we ſee every day, under the like misfortunes, whom age does not free from thoſe dreads?

Soc. That's true. But after all, what made you come hither ſo early?

Crit. I came to tell you a perplexing piece of news, which, though it may not ſeem to affect you, yet it overwhelms both me and your relations and friends with inſupportable grief. In ſhort, I bring the moſt terrible news that ever could be brought.

Soc. What news? Is the ſhip arrived from Delos, upon whoſe return I am to die?

Crit. It is not yet arrived; but doubtleſs it will be here this day, according to the intelligence we have from ſome perſons that come from Sunium, and left it there. For at that rate it cannot fail

of being here to-day; and to-morrow you muſt unavoidably die.

Soc Why not, Crito? Be it ſo, ſince 'tis the will of God. However, I do not think that the veſſel will arrive this day.

Crit. What do you ground that conjecture upon?

Soc. I'll tell you: I am not to die till the day after the arrival of the veſſel.

Crit. At leaſt thoſe who are to execute the ſentence ſay ſo.

Soc. That veſſel will not arrive till to-morrow, as I conjecture from a certain *(a)* dream I had this night about a minute ago. And it ſeems to me a pleaſure, that you did not awaken me.

Crit. Well, what is this dream?

Socrates's ſurpriſing dream. Phthia was Achilles's country.

Soc. I thought I ſaw a very genteel comely woman, dreſſed in white, come up to me, who calling me by name, ſaid, *(b)* In three days thou ſhalt be in the fertile Phthia.

(a) He ſpeaks on this faſhion, becauſe the dreams of the morning were regarded as more diſtinct and true. *Certiora & ſolatioria ſomniari affirmant ſub extimis noctibus, quaſi jam emergente animarum vigore producto ſopora.* Tertul. de anima.

(b) In the 9th book of the Iliads, Achilles threatening to retire, ſays to Ulyſſes, After to-morrow you ſhall ſee the Helleſpont covered with my ſhips, and if Neptune afford me a happy voyage, in three days I ſhall arrive at the fertile Phthia. 'Twas this laſt verſe that Socrates had from the mouth of the woman in his dream; for our dreams always bear a proportion to our genius's, habits, and ways of thinking. Nothing can be a ſtronger evidence of the gentle and eaſy thoughts that Socrates had of death than his application of this paſſage, by which he repreſents death as a fortunate voyage to one's own country. The Grammarians, who were always tied up to the

Crit. That's a very remarkable dream, Socrates.

Soc. 'Tis a very ſignificant one, Crito.

Crit. Yes, without doubt. But for this time, prithee, Socrates, take my advice, and make your eſcape. For my part, if you die, beſides the irreparable loſs of a friend, which I will ever bewail, I am afraid, that numbers of people, who are not well acquainted either with you or me, will believe that I have forſaken you, in not employing my intereſt for promoting your eſcape, now that it is in my power. Is there any thing more baſe, than to lie under the diſrepute of being wedded to my money more than my friend? For, in fine, the people will never believe, that 'twas you who refuſed to go from hence, when we urged you to be gone.

The vulgar people can never imagine that a man condemned to die will not make his eſcape if he can.

Soc. My dear Crito, why ſhould we be ſo much concerned for the opinion of the people? Is it not enough, that the more ſenſible part, who are the only men we ought to regard, know how the caſe ſtands?

Crit. But you ſee, Socrates, there's a neceſſity of being concerned for the noiſe of the mob; for your example is ſufficient inſtance, that they are capable of doing, not only ſmall, but the greateſt of injuries, and diſplay their paſſion in an outra-

letter, were never able to point out the beauty and delicacy of this paſſage: For they only turned it into a coarſe idea of death upon the reſemblance of the word *Phthia* with φθείρειν, *to corrupt*; as if a Grecian could ever have miſtaken φθίη for φθορὰ.

geous manner againſt thoſe who are once run down by the vulgar opinion.

Soc. * Would to God, Crito, the people were capable to do the greateſt of injuries! Were it ſo, they would likewiſe be capable of doing the greateſt good: That would be a great happineſs. But neither the one nor the other is poſſible. For they cannot make men either wiſe men or fools.

Crit. I grant it. But pray anſwer me: Is it out of tenderneſs to me and your other friends, that you will not ſtir from hence? For fear, leſt upon your eſcape we ſhould be troubled, and charged with carrying you off, and by that means be obliged to quit our poſſeſſion, or pay a large ſum of money, or elſe ſuffer ſomething more fatal than either? If that be your fear, ſhake it off, Socrates, in the name of the Gods. Is not it highly reaſonable that we ſhould purchaſe your eſcape at the rate of expoſing ourſelves to theſe dangers, and greater ones, if there be occaſion? Once more, my dear Socrates, believe me, and go along with me.

Soc. I own, Crito, that I have ſuch thoughts, and ſeveral others beſides in my view.

Crit. Fear nothing, I intreat you; for in the firſt place, they require no great ſum to let you out. And on the other hand, you ſee what a pitiful condition † thoſe are in, who probably might arraign us: A ſmall ſum of money will ſtop their

* This is a noble principle of Socrates. None can do the greateſt harm but thoſe who are able to do the greateſt good. And this can only be attributed to God, not to men.

† Thoſe who made trade of accuſing at Athens were a poor ſort of people, whoſe mouths were eaſily ſtopped with money.

mouths: my eſtate alone will ſerve for that. If you ſcruple to accept of my offer, here are a great many ſtrangers who deſire nothing more than to furniſh you with what money you want. Simmias the Theban himſelf has brought up very conſiderable ſums. Cebes is capable of doing as much, and ſo are ſeveral others. Let not your fears then ſtifle the deſire of making your eſcape. And as for what you told me t'other day, in court, that if you made your eſcape, you ſhould not know how to live; pray let not that trouble you: Whitherſoever you go, you'll be beloved in all parts of the world. If you'll go to Theſſaly, I have friends there, who will honour you according to your merit, and think themſelves happy in ſupplying you with what you want, and covering you from all occaſions of fear in their country. Beſides, Socrates, without doubt you are guilty of a very unjuſt thing in delivering up yourſelf, while 'tis in your power to make your eſcape, and promoting what your enemies ſo paſſionately wiſh for. For you not only betray yourſelf, but likewiſe your children by abandoning them, when you might make a ſhift to maintain and educate them: You are not at all concerned at what may befal them, though at the ſame time they are like to be in as diſmal a condition as ever poor orphans were. A man ought either to have no children, or elſe to expoſe himſelf to the care and trouble of breeding them. You ſeem to me to act the ſofteſt and moſt inſenſible part in the world; whereas you ought to take up a reſolution worthy of a

This was the judgment of men: the ſteadineſs of Socrates paſſed for la-

zineſs and inſenſibility.

generous ſoul; above all, you who boaſt that you purſued nothing but virtue all the days of your life. I tell you, Socrates, I am aſhamed upon the account of you and your relations, ſince the world will believe 'twas owing to our cowardlineſs that you did not get off. In the firſt place they'll charge you with ſtanding a trial that you might have avoided; then they'll cenſure your conduct in making your defences; and at laſt, which is the moſt ſhameful of all, they'll upbraid us with forſaking you through fear or cowardice, ſince we did not accompliſh your eſcape. Pray conſider of it, my dear Socrates; if you do not prevent the approaching evil, you'll bear a part in the ſhame that will cover us all. Pray adviſe with yourſelf quickly. But now I think on it, there is not time for adviſing, there's no choice left, all muſt be put in execution.

Becauſe he did not ſtoop to the judges, but ſpoke rather like an accuſer than a priſoner.

Soc. My dear Crito, your good-will is very commendable, provided it agrees with right reaſon; but if it ſwerves from that, the ſtronger it is, the more is it blame-worthy. The firſt thing to be conſidered, is, whether we ought to do as you ſay, or not? For you know, 'tis not of yeſterday that I've accuſtomed myſelf only to follow the reaſons that appear moſt juſt, after a mature examination. Though fortune frowns upon me, yet I'll never part with the principles I

Reaſon and juſtice ought to regulate our eſtimate of the kindneſs of friends.

have all along profeſſed. Theſe principles appear always the ſame, and I eſteem them equally at all times. So, if your advice be not backed by the ſtrongeſt reaſons, aſſure yourſelf I will never comply, not if all the power of the people ſhould arm itſelf againſt me, or offer to frighten me like a child, by laying on freſh chains, and threatening to deprive me of the greateſt good, and oblige me to ſuffer the cruelleſt death. Now, how ſhall we manage this inquiry juſtly? To be ſure, the faireſt way is to reſume what you have been ſaying of the vulgar opinions; that is, to enquire, whether there are ſome reports that we ought to regard, and others that are to be ſlighted; or whether the ſaying ſo is only a groundleſs and childiſh propoſition. I have a ſtrong deſire, upon this occaſion, to try, in your preſence, whether this principle will appear to me in different colours from what it did while I was in other circumſtances, or whether I ſhall always find it the ſame, in order to determine me to a compliance or refuſal.

If I miſtake not, 'tis certain, that ſeveral perſons who thought themſelves men of ſenſe, † have often maintained in this place, that of all the opinions of men, ſome are to be regarded and others to be ſlighted. In the name of the gods, Crito, do not you think that was well ſaid? In all human appearance, you are in no danger of dying to-morrow: and therefore 'tis preſumed that the fear of

† This probably had been maintained in ſome of the former conferences in priſon; for Socrates's friends met every day in the priſon to keep him company.

the preſent danger cannot work any change upon you. Wherefore, pray conſider it well: Do not you think they ſpoke juſtly, who ſaid, that all the opinions of men are not always to be regarded, but only ſome of them; and thoſe not of all men, but only of ſome? What do you ſay? Do not you think 'tis very true?

What choice we ought to make of opinions.

Crit. Very true.

Soc. At that rate, then, ought not we to eſteem the good opinions and ſlight the bad ones?

Crit. Ay, doubtleſs.

Soc. Are not the good opinions then thoſe of wiſe men, and the bad ones thoſe of fools?

Crit. It cannot be otherwiſe.

Soc. Let's ſee then, how you will anſwer this. A man that makes his exerciſes, when he comes to have his leſſon, whether ſhall he regard the commendation or cenſure of whoever comes firſt, or only of him that is either * a phyſician or a maſter?

Crit. Of the laſt to be ſure.

Soc. Then he ought to fear the cenſure, and value the commendation of that man alone; and ſlight what comes from others.

Crit. Without doubt.

Soc. For that reaſon, this young man muſt neither eat nor drink, nor do any thing, without the orders of that maſter, that man of ſenſe, and he

* For they perform thoſe exerciſes either for their health, or elſe to improve their dexterity and ſtrength; for the firſt they followed the orders of a phyſician; and for the other, they were directed by a maſter.

is not at all to govern himſelf by the caprices of others.

Crit. That's true.

Soc. Let's fix upon that then. But ſuppoſe he diſobeys this maſter, and diſregards his applauſe or cenſure? and ſuffers himſelf to be blinded by the careſſes and applauſes of the ignorant mob: will not he come to ſome harm by this means?

Crit. How is it poſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe?

Soc. But what will be the nature of this harm that will accrue to him thereupon? where will it terminate? and what part of him will it affect?

Crit. His body, without doubt: for by that means he'll ruin himſelf.

Soc. Very well, but is not the caſe the ſame all over? Upon the point of juſtice or injuſtice, honeſty or diſhoneſty, good or evil, which at preſent are the ſubject of our diſpute, ſhall we rather refer ourſelves to the opinion of the people, than to that of an experienced wiſe man, who juſtly challenges more reſpect and deference from us, than all the world beſides? And if we do not act conformably to the opinion of this one man, is it not certain that we ſhall ruin ourſelves, and entirely loſe that which only lives and gains new ſtrength by juſtice, and periſhes only through injuſtice? Or muſt we take all that for a thing of no account?

Crit. I am of your opinion.

Soc. Take heed, I intreat you; if by following the opinions of the ignorant, we deſtroy that which is only preſerved by health and waſted by ſick-

The ſoul lives only by juſtice.

neſs, can we ſurvive the corruption of that, whether it be our body, or ſomewhat elſe?

Crit. That's certain.

Soc. Can one live then after the corruption and deſtruction of the body?

Crit. No, to be ſure.

Soc. But can one ſurvive the corruption of that which lives only by juſtice, and dies only through injuſtice? Or is this thing (whatever it be) that has juſtice or injuſtice for its object, to be leſs valued than the body?

Crit. Not at all.

Soc. What, is it much more valuable then?

Crit. A great deal more.

Soc. Then, my dear Crito, we ought not to be concerned at what the people ſay, but what that ſays, who knows what's juſt and what's unjuſt: and that alone is nothing elſe but the truth. Thus you ſee, you eſtabliſhed falſe principles at firſt, in ſaying that we ought to pay a deference to the opinions of the people, upon what is juſt, good, honeſt, and its contraries. Some perhaps will object, that the people are able to put us to death.

In all our actions we ought only to regard the truth, *i. e.* God, who alone is truth itſelf.

Crit. To be ſure, they'll ſtart that objection.

Soc. 'Tis alſo true. But that does not alter the nature of what we were ſaying; that's ſtill the ſame. For you muſt ſtill remember, that 'tis not life, but a good life that we ought to court.

To live is nothing, but to live well is all in all.

Crit. That's a certain truth.

Soc. But is it not likewiſe certain, that this good life conſiſts in nothing elſe but honeſty and juſtice?

A good life conſiſts only in honeſty and juſtice.

Crit. Yes.

Soc. Now, before we go farther, let's examine upon the principles you've agreed to, whether my departure from hence without the permiſſion of the Athenians, is juſt or unjuſt. If it be found juſt, we muſt do our utmoſt to bring it about; but if 'tis unjuſt, we muſt lay aſide the deſign. For as to the conſiderations you alledged juſt now, of money, reputation, and family; theſe are only the thoughts of the baſer mob, who put innocent perſons to death, and would afterwards bring 'em to life, if 'twere poſſible. But as for us who bend our thoughts another way, all that we are to mind, is whether we do a juſt thing in giving money, and lying under an obligation to thoſe who promote our eſcape; or whether both we and they do not commit a piece of injuſtice in ſo doing? If this be an unjuſt thing, we need not reaſon much upon the point, ſince 'tis better to abide here and die, than to undergo ſomewhat more terrible than death.

A character of the mob.

Death is preferable to the commiſſion of an unjuſt thing.

Crit. You are in the right of that, Socrates; let's ſee then how it will fall.

Soc. We ſhall go hand in hand in the enquiry. If you have any thing of weight to anſwer, pray do it when I have ſpoken, that ſo I may comply; if not, pray forbear any farther to preſs me to go

from hence without the consent of the Athenians. I shall be infinitely glad if you can persuade me to do it; but I cannot do it without being first convinced. Take notice then whether my way of pursuing this enquiry satisfies you, and do your utmost to make answer to my questions.

Crit. I will.

Difference of times and persons will not justify the doing injustice to any man.

Soc. Is it true, that we ought not to do an unjust thing to any man? Or is it lawful in any measure to do it to one when we are forbid to do it to another? Or, is it not absolutely true, that all manner of injustice is neither good nor honest, as we were saying but now? Or, in fine, are all these sentiments which we formerly entertained, vanished in a few days? And is it possible, Crito, that those of years, our most serious conferences, should resemble those of children, and we at the same time not be sensible that 'tis so? Ought not we rather to stand to what we have said, as being a certain truth, that all injustice is scandalous and fatal to the person that commits it; let men say what they will, and let our fortune be never so good or bad?

Injustice is scandalous and fatal to him that is guilty of it.

Crit. That's certain.

Soc. Then must we avoid the least measure of injustice?

Crit. Most certainly.

Soc. Since we are to avoid the least degree of it, then we ought not to do it to those who are unjust to us, notwithstanding that this people think it lawful?

Crit. So I think.

Soc. But what! ought we to do evil or not?

Crit. Without doubt we ought not.

Soc. But is it juſtice to repay evil with evil, purſuant to the opinion of the people, or is it unjuſt?

'Tis unjuſt to do evil for evil.

Crit. 'Tis highly unjuſt.

Soc. Then there's no difference between doing evil and being unjuſt?

Crit. I own it.

Soc. Then we ought not to do the leaſt evil or injuſtice to any man, let him do by us as he will. But take heed, Crito, that by this conceſſion you do not ſpeak againſt your own ſentiments. For I know very well, there are few that will go this length: and 'tis impoſſible, for thoſe who vary in their ſentiments upon this point to agree well together. Nay, on the contrary, the contempt of one another's opinions, leads 'em to a reciprocal contempt of one another's perſons. Conſider well then if you are of the ſame opinion with me; and let us ground our reaſonings upon this principle, that we ought not to do evil for evil, or treat thoſe unjuſtly who are unjuſt to us. For my part, I never did, nor ever will entertain any other principle. Tell me then if you have changed your mind; if not, give ear to what follows.

Socrates owns that few will grant this truth, that we ought not to ſeek revenge, or repay evil for evil.

Crit. I give ear.

Soc. Well: a man that has made a juſt promiſe, ought he to keep it, or to break it?

Crit. He ought to keep it.

It is a viſible wrong to the laws and the ſtate.

Soc. If I go hence without the conſent of the Athenians, ſhall not I injure ſome people, and eſpecially thoſe who do not deſerve it? Or ſhall we in this follow what we think equally juſt to every body?

Crit. I cannot anſwer you, for I do not underſtand you.

Soc. Pray take notice; when we put ourſelves in a way of making our eſcape, or going from hence, or how you pleaſe to call it, ſuppoſe the law and the republick ſhould preſent themſelves in a body before us, and accoſt us in this manner:

Socrates introduces the laws and the ſtate ſpeaking to him.

"Socrates, what are you going "to do? To put in execution "what you now deſign, were "wholly to ruin the laws and the "ſtate. Do you think a city "can ſubſiſt when juſtice has not only loſt its "force, but is likewiſe perverted, overturned, and "trampled under foot by private perſons?" What anſwer could we make to ſuch and many other queſtions? For what is it that an orator cannot ſay upon the overturning of that law, which provides, that ſentences once pronounced ſhall not be infringed? Shall we anſwer, that the republick has judged amiſs, and paſſed an unjuſt ſentence upon us? Shall that be our anſwer?

The ordinary anſwer of thoſe who trample under foot juſtice and the laws.

Crit. Ah, without any ſcruple, Socrates.

A refutation of that plea.

Soc. What will the laws ſay then? "Socrates, is it not true,

" that you agreed with us to ſubmit yourſelf to a " publick trial?" And if we ſhould ſeem to be ſurprized at ſuch language, they'll continue perhaps, " Be not ſurprized, Socrates, but make an- " ſwer, for you yourſelf uſed to inſiſt upon que- " ſtion and anſwer. Tell then what occaſion you " have to complain of the republic and of us, that " you are ſo eager upon deſtroying it ‡? Are " not we the authors of your birth? Is not it by " our means that your father married her who " brought you forth? What fault can you find " with the laws we eſtabliſhed as to marriage?" Nothing at all, ſhould I anſwer. " As to the " nouriſhing and bringing up of children, and " the manner of your education, are not the laws " juſt that we enacted upon that head, by which we " obliged your father to bring you up to muſick " and the exerciſes?" Very juſt, I'd ſay. Since you were born, brought up, and educated under our influence, durſt you maintain that you are not our nurſed child and ſubject as well as your father? And if you are, do you think to have equal power with us, as if it were lawful for you to inflict upon us all we enjoin you to undergo? But ſince you cannot lay claim to any ſuch right againſt your father or your maſter, ſo as to repay evil for evil, injury for injury, how can you think to obtain that privilege againſt your country and the laws, inſomuch, that if we endeavour to put you to death, you'll counteract us, by endeavouring to prevent

‡ This is an admirable way of making out the obligation of all men to obey the laws of their country, by virtue of the treaty made between 'em.

us, and to ruin your country and its law? Can you call such an action juſt, you that are an inſeparable follower of true virtue? Are you ignorant that your country is more conſiderable, and more worthy of reſpect and veneration before God and man than your father, mother, and all your relations together? That you ought to honour your country, yield to it, and humour it more than an angry father? That you muſt either reclaim it by your counſel, or obey its injunctions, and ſuffer without grumbling all that it impoſes upon you? If it orders you to be whipped, or laid in irons, if it ſends you to the wars, there to ſpend your blood, you ought to do it without demurring; you muſt not ſhake off the yoke, or flinch or quit your poſt; but in the army, in priſon, and in every where elſe, ought equally to obey the orders of your country, or elſe aſſiſt it with wholeſome counſel. For if offering violence to a father or a mother be a piece of grand impiety, to put force upon one's country is a much greater. What ſhall we anſwer to all this, Crito? Shall we acknowledge the truth of what the laws advance?

The regard we ought to have to our country.

Crit. How can we avoid it?

Soc. Do you ſee then, Socrates, (continue they) what reaſon we have to brand your enterprize againſt us as unjuſt? Of us you hold your birth, your maintenance, your education; in fine, we have done you all the good we are capable of, as well as the other citizens. Indeed, we do not fail to make public proclamation, that 'tis lawful for every private man, if he does not find his account

in the laws and cuſtoms of our republick, after a mature examination, to retire with all his effects whither he pleaſes. And if any of you cannot comply with our cuſtoms, and deſires to remove and live elſewhere, not one of us ſhall hinder him, he may go where he pleaſes. But on the other hand, if any one of you continues to live here, after he has conſidered our way of adminiſtring juſtice, and the policy obſerved in the ſtate, then, we ſay, he is in effect obliged to obey all our commands, and we maintain that his diſobedience is unjuſt on a three-fold account; for not obeying thoſe to whom he owes his birth; for trampling under foot thoſe that educated him; and for violating his faith after he engaged to obey us, and not taking the pains to make remonſtrances to us, if we happen to do any unjuſt thing. For notwithſtanding that we only propoſe things without uſing any violence to procure obedience, and give every man his choice either to obey us, or reclaim us by his counſel or remonſtrances, yet he does neither the one nor the other. And we maintain, Socrates, that if you execute what you are now about, you will ſtand charged with all theſe crimes, and that in a much higher degree than if another private man had committed the ſame injuſtice. If I aſked them the reaſon, without doubt they would ſtop my mouth by telling me, that I ſubmitted myſelf in a diſtinguiſhing manner to all theſe conditions. And we, (continue they) have great evidence that you were always pleaſed with us and the republick; for if this city had not been more agreeable to you than any other, you had never con-

tinued in it, no more than the other Athenians. None of the ſhews could ever tempt you to go out of the city, except once, that you went to ſee the † games at the Iſthmus: you never went any where elſe, excepting your military expeditions, and never undertook a voyage, as others are wont to do. You never had the curioſity to viſit other cities, or enquire after other laws, as being contented with us and our republick. You always made a diſtinguiſhing choice of us, and on all occaſions teſtified that you ſubmitted with all your heart to live according to our maxims. Beſides, your having had children in this city is an infallible evidence that you like it. In fine, in this very laſt juncture, you might have been ſentenced to baniſhment if you would, and might then have done, with the conſent of the republick, what you now attempt without their permiſſion. But you were ſo ſtately, ſo unconcerned at death, that in your own terms you preferred death to baniſhment. But now you have no regard to theſe fine words, you are no further concerned for the laws, ſince you are going to overturn them. You do juſt what a pitiful ſlave would offer to do, by endeavouring to make your eſcape contrary to the laws of the treaty you have ſigned, by which you obliged yourſelf

i. e. So as to follow them.

For if he had ſentenced himſelf to baniſhment, the Athenians had confirmed it.

All our actions conformable to the laws of a country, are ſo many ratifications of the treaty made with it.

† Theſe games were celebrated at the Iſthmus of Corinth to the honour of Neptune every three years, after they were received by Theſeus.

to live according to our rules. Pray anſwer us: Did not we ſay right in affirming that you agreed to this treaty, and ſubmitted yourſelf to theſe terms not only in words, but in deeds? What ſhall we ſay to all this, Crito? And what can we do elſe but acknowledge, that 'tis ſo?

Crit. How can we avoid it, Socrates?

Soc. What elſe then, continue they, is this action of yours but a violation of that treaty, and all its terms? That treaty that you were not made to ſign either by force or ſurprize, not without time to think on it: for you had the whole courſe of ſeventy years to have removed in, if you had been diſſatisfied with us, or unconvinced of the juſtice of our propoſals. You neither pitched upon Lacedæmon nor Crete, notwithſtanding that you always cried up their laws; nor any of the other Grecian cities, or ſtrange countries. You have been leſs out of Athens than the lame and the blind; which is an invincible proof that the city pleaſed you in a diſtinguiſhing manner, and conſequently that we did, ſince a city never can be agreeable if its laws are not ſuch. And yet at this time you counteract the treaty. But, if you will take our advice, Socrates, we would have you to ſtand to your treaty, and not expoſe yourſelf to be ridiculed by the citizens, by ſtealing out from hence. Pray, conſider what advantage can redound either to you or your friends, by perſiſting in that goodly deſign: Your friends will infallibly be either expoſed to danger or baniſhed their country, or have their eſtates forfeited. And as for yourſelf, if you retire to any neighbouring city, ſuch as Thebes or Me-

gara, which are admirably well governed, you'll there be looked upon as an enemy. All that have any love for their country will look upon you as a corrupter of the laws: Beſides, you'll fortify in them the good opinion they have of your judges, and move them to approve the ſentence given againſt you: For a corrupter of the law will at any time paſs for a debaucher of the youth, and of the vulgar people. What, will you keep out of theſe well governed cities, and theſe aſſemblies of juſt men? But pray will you have enough to live upon in that condition? Or will you have the face to go and live with them? And pray what will you ſay to them, Socrates? Will you preach to them, as you did here, that virtue, juſtice, the laws, and ordinances ought to be reverenced by men? Do you not think that this will ſound very ridiculous in their ears? You ought to think ſo. But perhaps you'll quickly leave thoſe well-governed cities, and go to ‡ Theſſaly to Crito's friends, where there is leſs order, and more licentiouſneſs; and doubtleſs in that country they'll take a ſingular pleaſure in hearing you relate in what equipage you made your eſcape from this priſon, that is, covered with ſome old rags, or a beaſt's ſkin, or diſguiſed ſome other way, as fugitives are wont to be. Every body will ſay, This old fellow, that has ſcarce any time to live, had ſuch a ſtrong paſſion for living, that he did not ſtand to purchaſe his life by trampling under foot the moſt ſacred laws. Such ſtories

‡ Theſſaly was the country where licentiouſneſs and debauchery reigned, and accordingly Xenophon obſerves, that 'twas there that Critias was ruined.

will be bandied about of you at a time when you offend no man; but upon the leaſt occaſion of complaint, they'll teaze you with a thouſand other reproaches unworthy of you. You'll ſpend your time in ſneaking and inſinuating yourſelf into the favour of all men, one after another, and owning an equal ſubjection to them all. For what can you do? Will you feaſt perpetually in Theſſaly, as if the good cheer had drawn you thither? But what will become then of all your fine diſcourſes upon juſtice and virtue? Beſides, if you deſign to preſerve your life for the ſake of your children; that cannot be in order to bring them up in Theſſaly, as if you could do them no other ſervice but make them ſtrangers. Or if you deſign to leave them here, do you imagine that during your life they'll be better brought up here, in your abſence, under the care of your friends? But will not your friends take the ſame care of them after your death that they would do in your abſence? You ought to be perſuaded that all thoſe who call themſelves your friends, will at all times do them all the ſervice they can. To conclude, Socrates, ſubmit yourſelf to our reaſons, follow the advice of thoſe who brought you up, and do not put your children, your life, or any thing whatſoever, in the balance with juſtice; to the end, that when you come before the tribunal of Pluto, you may be able to clear yourſelf before your judges. For do not deceive yourſelf: If you perform what you now deſign, you will neither better your own cauſe, nor that of your party: you will neither enlarge its

The laws are juſt, and injuſtice comes from men.

juſtice nor ſanctity either here or in the regions below. But if you die bravely, you owe your death to the injuſtice, not of the laws, but of men: Whereas if you make your eſcape by repulſing ſo ſhamefully the injuſtice of your enemies, by violating at once both your own faith and our treaty, and injuring ſo many innocent perſons as yourſelf, your friends, and your country, together with us; we will ſtill be your enemies as long as you live; and when you are dead, our ſiſters, the laws in the other world, will certainly afford you no joyful reception, as knowing that you endeavoured to ruin us. Wherefore do not prefer Crito's counſel to ours.

I think, my dear Crito, I hear what I have now ſpoke, juſt as * the prieſts of Cybele imagine they hear the cornets and flutes; and the ſound of theſe words make ſo ſtrong an impreſſion in my ears, that it ſtops me from hearing any thing elſe. Theſe are the ſentiments I like; and all you can ſay to take me off them will be in vain. However, if you think to ſucceed, I do not prevent you from ſpeaking.

Crit. I have nothing to ſay, Socrates.

Soc. Then be quiet, and let us courageouſly run this courſe, ſince God calls and guides us to it.

* Socrates means that all theſe truths make no ſlight impreſſion upon him, but pierce him, and inſpire him with an ardour, or rather a holy fury, that prevents his ears from hearing any thing to the contrary. The ſound of the cornets and flutes of the prieſts of Cybele inſpired the audience with fury; and why ſhould the ſound of divine truths fall ſhort of the ſame virtue, and leave their hearers in a lukewarm indifference? this temper of Socrates juſtifies and explains what Diogenes ſaid of him. When ſomebody aſked Diogenes what he thought of Socrates; he anſwered, that he was a madman for Socrates ſhewed an incredible warmth in purſuing whatever he took to be juſt.

THE INTRODUCTION TO PHEDON.

SOCRATES in his Apology, and in his Crito, inſtructs us how we ought to form our lives; and he teaches us how to die, and what thoughts to entertain at the hour of death. By explaining his own views and deſigns, which were the ſprings of all his actions, he gives a proof of the moſt important of all truths, and of that which ought to regulate our life. For the immortality of the ſoul is a point of ſuch importance, that it includes all the truths of religion, and all the motives that ought to excite and direct us: So that our firſt duty is to ſatisfy ourſelves in this point: ſelf-love and mere human intereſt ought to excite us to underſtand it; not to ſpeak, that there is not a more fatal condition than not to know the nature of death, which appears as frightful as unavoidable: for, according to the notion we have of it, we may

draw conſequences quite contrary, for managing the conduct of our lives, and the choice of our pleaſures.

Socrates ſpends the laſt day of his life in diſcourſing with his friends upon this great ſubject; he unfolds all the reaſons that require the belief of the immortality of the ſoul, and refutes all the objections they moved to the contrary, which are the very ſame that are made uſe of at this day. He demonſtrates the hope they ought to have of a happier life; and lays before them all that this bleſſed hope requires to make it ſolid and laſting, to prevent their being deluded by a vain hope, and after all, meeting with the puniſhment allotted to the wicked, inſtead of the rewards provided for the good.

This conference was occaſioned by a truth that was caſually ſtarted, viz. That a true philoſopher ought to deſire to die, and to endeavour it. This poſition taken literally, ſeemed to inſinuate, that a philoſopher might lay violent hands on himſelf. But Socrates makes it out, that there's nothing more unjuſt; and that for ſo much as man is God's creature and property, he ought not to remove out of this life without his orders. What ſhould it be then that made the philoſopher have ſuch a love for death †? What is the ground of this hope? Here we are preſented with the grounds aſſigned by a heathen philoſopher, viz. Man is born to know the truth, but he can never attain to a perfect knowledge of it in this life, by reaſon that his body is an obſtacle: perfect knowledge is reſerved for the life to come. Then the ſoul muſt be

† It could be nothing but the hope of the good things he hoped for in another life.

immortal, ſince after death it operates and knows. As for man's being born for the knowledge of truth, that cannot be called in queſtion, ſince he was born to know God.

From thence it follows, that a true philoſopher hates and contemns this body, which ſtands in the way of his union to God: that he wiſhes to be rid of it, and looks upon death as a paſſage to a better life. This ſolid hope gives being to that true temperance and valour which is the lot of true philoſophers; for other men are only valiant through fear, and temperate through intemperance: their virtue is only a ſlave to vice.

They object to Socrates, that the ſoul is nothing but a vapour that vaniſhes and diſperſes itſelf at death. Socrates combats that opinion with an argument that has a great deal of ſtrength in his mouth, but becomes much ſtronger when ſupported by the true religion, which alone can ſet it in its full light. The argument is this: In nature, contraries produce their contraries. So that death being an operation of nature, ought to produce life, that being its contrary; and by conſequence the dead muſt be born again: the ſoul then is not dead, ſince it muſt revive the body.

Before we proceed farther, 'tis fit to take notice of an error that is couched under this principle, which only the Chriſtian religion can at once diſcover and refute. 'Tis, that Socrates, and all other philoſophers, are infinitely miſtaken in making death a natural thing. There's nothing more falſe. Death is ſo far from being natural, that nature abhors it; and it was far from the deſign of God in the ſtate in which man was firſt created.

For he created him holy, innocent, and by conſequence immortal; 'twas only ſin that brought death into the world. But this fatal league betwixt ſin and death could not triumph over the deſigns of God, who had created man for immortality. He knew how to ſnatch the victory out of their hands, by bringing man to life again, even in the ſhades and horrors of death itſelf. Thus ſhall the dead revive at the reſurrection, purſuant to the doctrine of the Chriſtians, which teaches that death muſt give up thoſe whom it has ſwallowed down. So that the principle that Socrates did not fully comprehend, is an unſhaken truth, which bears the marks of the ancient tradition that the heathens had altered and corrupted.

The third argument alledged by Socrates as a proof of the immortality of the ſoul, is that of remembrance; which likewiſe bears the marks of that ancient tradition corrupted by the heathens. To find out the truth couched under this argument, I advance the following conjectures.

It ſeems the philoſophers grounded this opinion of remembrance upon ſome texts of the prophets, that they did not well underſtand; ſuch as that of Jeremiah, *Before I formed thee in the belly, I knew thee.* And perhaps their opinion was fortified by the ideas and inſtinct we have of ſeveral things that were never learnt in this world. In ſhort, we meet with unqueſtionable marks of certain reſentments that revive ſome lights within our minds, or the remains of a paſt grandeur that we loſt by ſin. And from whence do thoſe proceed? That inexplicable cypher has no other key but the know-

ledge of original ſin. Our ſoul was created ſo as to be adorned with all manner of knowledge ſuitable to its nature; and now is ſenſible of its being deprived of the ſame. The philoſophers felt this miſery, and were not admitted to know the true cauſe; in order to unriddle the myſtery, they invented this creation of ſouls before the body, and a remembrance that is the conſequence thereof. But we who are guided by a ſurer light, know, that if man were not degenerate, he would ſtill enjoy the full knowledge of the truths he formerly knew; and if he had never been any other than corrupted, he would have had no idea of theſe truths. This unties the knot. Man had knowledge before he was corrupted, and after his corruption forgot it. He can recover nothing but confuſed ideas, and ſtands in need of a new light to illuminate them. No human reaſon could have fathomed this. It faintly unravelled part of the myſtery as well as it could, and the explication it gave diſcovers ſome footſteps of the ancient truth: for it points both to the firſt ſtate of happineſs and knowledge, and to the ſecond of miſery and obſcurity. Thus may we make an uſeful application of the doctrine of remembrance, and the errors of philoſophers may oftentimes ſerve to eſtabliſh the moſt incomprehenſible truths of the Chriſtian religion, and ſhew that the heathens did not want traditions relating to them.

The fourth argument is taken from the nature of the ſoul. Deſtruction reaches only compounded bodies. But we may clearly perceive, that the ſoul is ſimple and immaterial, and bears a reſemblance

of ſomething divine, immortal, and intelligent: for it embraces the pure eſſence of things; it meaſures all by ideas which are eternal patterns, and unites itſelf to them when the body does not hinder it: ſo that 'tis ſpiritual, indiſſoluble, and conſequently immortal, as being not capable of diſſolution by any other means than the will of him who created it.

Notwithſtanding the force of theſe proofs, and their tendency to keep up this hope in the ſoul, Socrates and his friends own, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible to ward off doubts and uncertainties: for our reaſon is too weak and degenerate to arrive at the full knowledge of truth in this world. So that 'tis a wiſe man's buſineſs to chuſe from amongſt thoſe arguments of the philoſophers, for the immortality of the ſoul, that which to him ſeems beſt, and moſt forcible, and capable to conduct him ſafely through the dangerous ſhelves of this life, till he obtain a full aſſurance either of ſome promiſe, or by ſome divine revelation; for that is the only veſſel that is ſecure from danger. By this the moſt refined paganiſm pays homage to the Chriſtian religion, and all colour or excuſe for incredulity is took off: For the Chriſtian religion affords promiſes, revelations, and, which is yet more conſiderable, the accompliſhment of them.

They moved two objections to Socrates: One, that the ſoul is only the harmony reſulting from the juſt proportion of the qualities of the body: The other, that though the ſoul be more durable than the body, yet it dies at laſt, after having

made uſe of ſeveral bodies; juſt as a man dies after he has worn ſeveral ſuits of clothes.

Socrates, before he makes any anſwer, ſtops a little, and deplores the misfortune of men, who, by hearing the diſputes of the ignorant, that contradict every thing, perſuade themſelves that there's no ſuch things as clear, ſolid, and ſenſible reaſons, but that every thing is uncertain. Like as thoſe who being cheated by men, become men-haters; ſo they being impoſed upon by arguments, become haters of reaſon; that is, they take up an abſolute hatred againſt all reaſon in general, and will not hear any argument. Socrates makes out the injuſtice of this procedure. He ſhews, that when two things are equally uncertain, wiſdom directs us to chuſe that which is moſt advantageous with the leaſt danger. Now, beyond all diſpute, ſuch is the immortality of the ſoul; and therefore it ought to be embraced. For if this opinion prove true after our death, are not we conſiderable gainers? and if it prove falſe, what do we loſe?

Then he attacks that objection which repreſents the ſoul as a harmony, and refutes it by ſolid and convincing arguments, which at the ſame time prove the immortality of the ſoul.

His arguments are theſe: Harmony always depends upon the parts that conſpire together, and is never oppoſite to them; but the ſoul has no dependance upon the body, and always ſtands on the oppoſite ſide. Harmony admits of leſs and more, but the ſoul does not: from whence it would follow, that all ſouls ſhould be equal, that none of them are vicious, and that the ſouls of beaſts are

equally good, and of the ſame nature with thoſe of men: which is contrary to all reaſon.

In muſick, the body commands the harmony: But in nature, the ſoul commands the body. In muſick, the harmony can never give a ſound contrary to the particular ſounds of the parts that bend or unbend, or move: but in nature the ſoul has a contrary ſound to that of the body; it attacks all its paſſions and deſires: it checks, curbs, and puniſhes the body. So that it muſt needs be of a very different and oppoſite nature; which proves its ſpirituality and divinity. For nothing but what is ſpiritual and divine can be wholly oppoſite to what is material and earthly.

The ſecond objection was, That though the ſoul might outlive the body, yet that does not conclude its immortality; ſince we know nothing to the contrary, but that it dies at laſt, after having animated the body ſeveral times.

In anſwer to this objection, Socrates ſays he muſt trace the firſt original of the being and corruption of entities. If that be once agreed upon, we ſhall find no difficulty in determining what things are corruptible and what not. But what path ſhall we follow in this enquiry? Muſt it be that of phyſicks? Theſe phyſicks are ſo uncertain, that inſtead of being inſtructive, they only blind and miſlead us. This he makes out from his own experience. So that there's a neceſſity of going beyond this ſcience, and having recourſe to metaphyſicks, which alone can afford us the certain knowledge of the reaſons and cauſes of beings, and of that which conſtitutes their eſſences. For

effects may be discovered by their causes; but the causes can never be known by their effects. And upon this account we must have recourse to the divine knowledge which Anaxagoras was so sensible of, that he ushered in his treatise of physicks by this great principle, that knowledge is the cause of being. But instead of keeping up to that principle, he fell in again with that of second causes, and by that means deceived the expectation of his hearers.

In order to make out the immortality of the soul, we must correct this order of Anaxagoras, and sound to the bottom of the above-mentioned principle: which if we do, we shall be satisfied that God placed every thing in the most convenient state. Now this best and most suitable state must be the object of our enquiry. To which purpose we must know wherein the particular good of every particular thing consists, and what the general good of all things is. The discovery will make out the immortality of the soul.

In this view Socrates raises his thoughts to immaterial qualities, and external ideas: that is, he affirms that there's something that is in itself good, fine, just, and great, which is the first cause; and that all things in this world that are good, fine, just, or great, are only such by the communication of that first cause; since there is no other cause of the existence of things, but the participation of the essence proper to each subject.

This participation is so contrived, that contraries are never found in the same subject. From which principle it follows by a necessary conse-

quence, that the ſoul, which gives life to the body, not as an accidental form that adheres to it, but as a ſubſtantial form, ſubſiſting in itſelf, and living formally by itſelf, as the corporeal idea, and effectually enlivening the body, can never be ſubject to death, that being the oppoſite of life: and that the ſoul being uncapable of dying, cannot be worſted by an attack of this enemy; and is in effect imperiſhable, like the immaterial qualities, juſtice, fortitude, and temperance: but with this difference, that theſe immaterial qualities ſubſiſt independently and of themſelves, as being the ſame thing with God himſelf: whereas the ſoul is a created being, that may be diſſolved by the will of its Creator. In a word, the ſoul ſtands in the ſame relation to the life of the body, that the idea of God does to the ſoul.

The only objection they could invent upon this head, was, that the greatneſs of the ſubject, and man's natural infirmity, are the two ſources of man's diſtruſt and incredulity upon this head. Whereupon Socrates endeavours to dry up thoſe two ſources.

He attacks their diſtruſt, by ſhewing, that the opinion of the ſoul's mortality, ſuits ill the ideas of God. For by this mortality, virtue would be prejudicial to men of probity, and vice beneficial to the wicked; which cannot be imagined. So that there's a neceſſity of another life for rewarding the good, and puniſhing the bad. And the ſoul being immortal, carries along with it into the other world its good and bad actions, its virtues and vices, which are the occaſion of its eternal

happineſs or miſery. From whence, by a neceſſary conſequence, we may gather what care we ought to have of it in this life.

To put a ſtop to the torrent of incredulity, he has recourſe to two things, which naturally demand a great deference from man, and cannot be denied without a viſible authority. The firſt is, the ceremonies and ſacrifices of religion itſelf, which are only repreſentations of what would be put in execution in hell. The other is, the authority of antiquity, which maintained the immortality of the ſoul: in purſuit of which, he mentions ſome ancient traditions, that point to the truth publiſhed by Moſes and the prophets, notwithſtanding the fables that overwhelm them. Thus we ſee, a Pagan ſupplies the want of proof, which is too natural to a man, and ſilences the moſt obſtinate prejudices, by having recourſe to the oracles of God, which they were in ſome meaſure acquainted with; and by ſo doing, makes anſwer to Simmias, who had objected, that the doctrine of the immortality of the ſoul ſtood in need of ſome promiſe or divine revelation to procure its reception. Though ſome blinded Chriſtians reject the authority of our holy writ, and refuſe to ſubmit to it; yet we ſee a Pagan had ſo much light as to make uſe of it to ſupport his faith, if I may ſo ſpeak, and to ſtrengthen his ſweet hope of a bleſſed eternity. He ſhews that he knew how to diſtinguiſh the fabulous part of a tradition from the truth, and affirms nothing but what is conformable to the ſcriptures, particularly the laſt judgment of the good and the bad; the neceſſary purgation of thoſe who depart this

life under a load of ſin; the eternal torments of thoſe who committed mortal ſins in this life, the pardon of venal ſins after ſatisfaction and repentance; the happineſs of thoſe who during the whole courſe of their lives renounced the pleaſures of the body, and only courted the pleaſure of true knowledge, that is, the knowledge of God; and beautified their ſouls with proper ornaments, ſuch as temperance, juſtice, fortitude, liberty, and truth. He does not joke upon the groundleſs metempſychoſis, or return of ſouls to animate bodies in this life; but ſpeaks ſeriouſly, and ſhews that after death all's over, the wicked are thrown for ever into the bottomleſs abyſs, and the righteous conveyed to the manſions of bliſs. Thoſe who are neither righteous nor wicked, but committed ſins in this life, which they always repented of, are committed to places of torment, till they be ſufficiently purified.

When Socrates made an end of his diſcourſe, his friends aſked what orders he would give concerning his affairs. "The only orders I give, re-"plied he, is to take care of yourſelves, and to "make yourſelves as like to God as poſſible." Then they aſked him, how he would be interred? This queſtion offended him. He would not have himſelf confounded with his corps, which was only to be interred. And though the expreſſion ſeems to import little, he ſhewed that ſuch falſe expreſſions gave very dangerous wounds to the ſouls of men.

He goes and bathes. His wife and children are brought to him. He talks to them a minute, and

then diſmiſſes them. Upon his coming out of the bath, the cup is preſented to him. He takes it, recollects his thoughts within himſelf, prays, and drinks it off with an admirable tranquillity of mind. Finding that he approached his end, he gave 'em to know that he had reſigned his ſoul into the hands of him who gave it, and of the true phyſician who was coming to heal it. This was the exit of Socrates. Paganiſm never afforded ſuch an admirable example. And yet a certain modern author is ſo ignorant of its beauty, that he places it infinitely below that of Petronius, the famous diſciple of Epicurus. "He did not employ the laſt hours "of his life, ſays that author, in diſcourſing of "the immortality of the ſoul, &c. but having "choſe a more pleaſurable and natural ſort of "death, imitated the ſweetneſs of ſwans, and cau-"ſed ſome agreeable and touching verſes to be re-"cited to him. *This was a fine imitation. It "ſeems* Petronius *ſung what they read to him. But "this was not all.* Nevertheleſs, *continues he,* he "reſerved ſome minutes for thinking of his af-"fairs, and diſtributed rewards to ſome of his "ſlaves, and he puniſhed ſome others.

"Let them talk of Socrates, ſays he, and boaſt "of his conſtancy and bravery in drinking up the "poiſon! Petronius is not behind him; nay, he "is juſtly entitled to a preference upon the ſcore "of forſaking a life infinitely more delightful than "that of the ſage Grecian, and that too with the "ſame tranquillity of mind, and evenneſs of tem-"per."

We have no occaſion for long comments to

make out the great difference between the death of Socrates, and that of this Epicurean, whom Tacitus himſelf, in ſpite of his paganiſm, did not preſume to applaud. On one ſide, we are preſented with the proſpect of a man that ſpent his laſt minutes in making his friends better, recommending to them the hope of a happy eternity, and ſhewing what that hope requires of them; a man that died with his eyes intent upon God, praying to him, and bleſſing him, without any reflections upon his enemies who condemned him ſo unjuſtly. On the other ſide, we meet with a voluptuous perſon, in whom all ſentiments of virtue are quite extinguiſhed: who, to be rid of his own dreads, cauſed his own death; and in his exit would admit of no other entertainment but pleaſant poems and diverting verſes; who ſpent the laſt minutes of his time in rewarding thoſe of his ſlaves, who undoubtedly had been the miniſters and accomplices of his ſenſualities, and ſeeing thoſe puniſhed, who perhaps had ſhewn an averſion to his vices, and prejudiced him in the way of his pleaſures. A good death ought to be uſhered in by a good life. Now, a life ſpent in vice, effeminacy, and debauchery, is much ſhort of one wholly taken up in the exerciſe of virtue, and the ſolid pleaſures of true knowledge, and adorned with the venerable ornaments of temperance, juſtice, fortitude, liberty, and truth. One of Socrates's dying words, was, That thoſe who entertained bad diſcourſes upon death, wounded the ſoul very dangerouſly. And what would not he have ſaid of thoſe who heſitate not about writing them?

But it is probable this author did not foreſee the conſequence of this unjuſt preference. He wrote like a man of this world, that never knew Socrates. Had he known him, he had certainly formed a juſter judgment. And, in like manner, if he had known Seneca or Plutarch, he had never equalled or preferred Petronius to them. Had he made the beſt uſe of his underſtanding, he would have ſeen reaſons to doubt, that the Petronius now read, is not the Petronius of Tacitus, whoſe death he ſo much admires; and would have met with ſome ſuch objections, which at leaſt give occaſion to ſuſpect its being ſuppoſitious. But to return to Socrates.

His doctrine of death's being no affliction, but, on the contrary, a paſſage to a happier life, made a ſurpriſing progreſs. Some philoſophers gave ſuch ſtriking and forcible demonſtrations of it in their lectures, that the moſt part of their ſcholars laid violent hands on themſelves, in order to overtake that happier life. Ptolemæus Philadelphus forbid Hegeſias of Cyrene to teach it in his ſchool, for fear of diſpeopling his countries. And the poets of that Prince's court ſiding with their prince, as they for the moſt part do, uſed all means to deſcry that doctrine, and thoſe who were prevailed upon to embrace it. 'Twas their pernicious complaiſance that occaſioned what we now read in Callimachus againſt the immortality of the ſoul; and above all, that celebrated epigram, Cicero alledged to have been writ againſt Cleombrotus of Ambracia, but 'twas certainly deſigned likewiſe againſt Plato. 'Tis to this purpoſe: Cleombrotus

of Ambracia " having paid his laſt compliment to " the ſun, threw himſelf headlong from the ſum- " mit of a tower into hell; not that he had done " any thing which deſerved death, but only had " peruſed Plato's treatiſe of the immortality of the " ſoul."

But after all, it redounds to the glory of Socrates and Plato, and the doctrine of the immortality of the ſoul, that none but ſuch enemies as theſe oppoſe it.

PHEDON:

OR,

A dialogue of the immortality of the ſoul.

Echecrates and *Phedon.*

Echec. PHEDON, were you preſent when Socrates drank the poiſon? Or did any one give you an account how he behaved in that juncture?

Phed. I was preſent.

Echec. What were his laſt words then, and how expired he? You'll oblige me much with the narration: For the Philaſians have but little correſpondence with the Athenians, and 'tis a long time ſince we had any ſtranger from Athens to inform us how things went. We only heard that he died after drinking the poiſon, but could not underſtand any particulars concerning his death.

The inhabitants of Philus, a city in the Peloponneſus.

Phed. What! Did you not hear how he was arraigned?

Echec. Yes, truly, ſomebody told us that; and we thought it ſtrange that his ſentence was ſo long in being put in execution after his trial.

Phed. ‡ That happened only accidentally: for the day before his trial, the ſtern of the ſacred ſhip which the Athenians ſend every year to Delos, was crowned for the voyage.

Echec. What is that ſacred ſhip?

Phed. If you credit the Athenians, it is the ſame ſhip in which Theſeus tranſported the fourteen young children to Crete, and brought them ſafe back again; and 'tis ſaid the Athenians at that time vowed to Apollo, that if the children were preſerved from the impending danger, they would ſend every year to Delos preſents and victims aboard the ſame veſſel: And this they do ever ſince. As ſoon as the ſhip is cleared, and ready to put to ſea, they purify the city, and obſerve an inviolable law for putting none to death before the return of the ſhip. Now ſometimes it ſtays long out, eſpecially if the winds be contrary. This feſtival, which is properly called Theoria, commences when the prieſt of Apollo has crowned the ſtern of the ſhip. Now, as I told you, this happened on the day preceding Socrates's trial. And 'twas upon that account that he was kept ſo long in priſon, after his commitment.

‡ Phedon's diſcourſe implies that the time of the ſhip's departure was uncertain: 'twas either anticipated or retarded, as the condition of the ſhip and other occurrences required. This uncertainty occaſions the difficulty of finding the true date of Socrates's death.

Echec. And during his impriſonment, what did he do? What ſaid he? Who was with him? Did the judges order him to be kept from viſits? and did he die without the aſſiſtance of his friends?

Phed. Not at all: ſeveral of his friends ſtaid with him to the laſt minute.

Echec. If you're at leiſure, pray relate the whole ſtory.

Phed. At preſent I have nothing to do, and ſo ſhall endeavour to ſatisfy your demands. ‡ Beſides, I take the greateſt pleaſure in the world in ſpeaking or hearing others ſpeak of Socrates.

Echec. Aſſure yourſelf, Phedon, you ſhall not take more pleaſure in ſpeaking, than I in hearing. Begin, pray, and above all, take care to omit nothing.

Phed. You'll be ſurprized when you hear what a condition I was then in. I was ſo far from being ſenſibly touched with the misfortune of a friend whom I loved very tenderly, and who died before my eyes, that I envied his circumſtances, and could not forbear to admire the goodneſs, ſweetneſs, and tranquillity, that appeared in all his diſcourſes, and the bravery he ſhewed upon the approach of death. Every thing that I ſaw, furniſhes me with a proof that he did not paſs to the ſhades below without the aſſiſtance of ſome deity, that took care to conduct him, and put him in

‡ Phedon had been infinitely obliged to Socrates; for being taken priſoner in war, and ſold to a merchant that bought ſlaves, Socrates, who was mighty fond of his genius, obliged Alcibiades or Crito to ranſom him, and received him into the number of his friends and diſciples.

poſſeſſion of that tranſcendent felicity of the bleſſed. But as, on one hand, theſe thoughts ſtifled all the ſentiments of compaſſion that might ſeem due at ſuch a mortifying ſight; ſo, on the other hand, they leſſened the pleaſure I was wont to have in hearing all his other diſcourſes, and affected me with that ſorrowful reflection, that, in the ſpace of a minute this divine man would leave us for ever. Thus was my heart croſſed with contrary motions, that I could not define. 'Twas not properly either pleaſure or grief, but a confuſed mixture of theſe two paſſions, which produced almoſt the ſame effect in all the by-ſtanders. One while we melted into tears, and another while gave ſurpriſing ſigns of real joy and ſenſible pleaſure. Above all ‡, Apollodorus diſtinguiſhed himſelf upon this occaſion; you know his humour.

Echec. Nobody knows it better.

Phed. In him was the difference of theſe motions moſt obſervable. As for me, and all the reſt, our behaviour was not ſo diſtinguiſhing, as being mixed with the trouble and confuſion I ſpoke of juſt now.

Echec. Who was there then beſides yourſelf?

Phed. There were no other Athenians, but Apollodorus, Critobulus, and his father Crito, Hermogenes, Epigenes, Æſchines, Antiſthenes, Cteſippus, Menexemus, and a few more. Plato was ſick.

Echec. Were there no ſtrangers?

Phed. Yes; Simmias the Theban, with † Ce-

‡ The ſame Apollodorus is ſpoken of in the apology.

† The ſame Cebes, who made the table that we now have;

bes, and Phedondes; and from Megara, Euclides, and Terpſion.

Echec. What! were not Ariſtippus, and Cleombrotus there?

Phed. No ſure ‡; for'tis ſaid, they were at Ægina.

Echec. Who was there beſides?

Phed. I believe I have named moſt of thoſe that were there.

Echec. Let's hear then what his laſt diſcourſes were.

Phed. I ſhall endeavour to give you a full account: For we never miſſed one day in viſiting Socrates. To this end, we met every morning in

which is an explication of an allegorical table that he ſuppoſes to have been in the temple of Saturn at Thebes, and contains a very ingenious ſcheme of a man's whole life. It hints at all the doctrine of Socrates, and the ſtyle reſembles that of Plato.

‡ The delicacy and ſalt of this ſatire is thus explained by Demetrius Phalereus. Plato, ſays he, had a mind to ſuppreſs the ſcandal that Ariſtippus and Cleombrotus drew upon themſelves by feaſting at Ægina, when Socrates, their friend and maſter, was in priſon, without deigning to go to ſee him, or even to aſſiſt on the day of his death, though they were then at the entry of the Athenian harbour. Had he told the whole ſtory, the invective had been too particular. But with an admirable decency and artfulneſs he introduces Phedon giving a liſt of thoſe who aſſiſted at his death, and making anſwer to the queſtion, (Whether they were there or not) that they were at Ægina, pointing at once to their debauchery and ingratitude. This ſtroke is the more biting, that the thing itſelf points out the horror of the action, not he that ſpeaks. Plato might ſecurely have attacked Ariſtippus and Cleombrotus, but he choſe rather to make uſe of this figure, which in effect gives the greater blow. This is a notable piece of delicate ſatire. Athenæus, by charging Plato with ſlander upon this ſcore, prejudiced himſelf more than Plato, who will always be cried up for having this zeal for his maſter.

the place where he was try'd, which joined to the priſon; and there we waited till the priſon-doors were opened; at which time we went ſtraight to him, and commonly paſſed the whole day with him. On the day of his execution, we came thither ſooner than ordinary, having heard as we came out of the city, that the ſhip was returned from Delos. When we arrived, the goaler that uſed to let us in, came to us, and deſired we would ſtay a little, and not go in till he came to conduct us. For, ſays he, the eleven magiſtrates are now untying Socrates, and acquainting him that he muſt die, as this day. When we came in, we found Socrates † untied, and his wife Xantippe (you know her) ſitting by him with one of his children in her arms; and as ſoon as ſhe ſpied us, ſhe fell a crying and making a noiſe, as you know women commonly do on ſuch occaſions. Socrates, ſaid ſhe, "This is the laſt time your friends "ſhall ſee you. Upon which Socrates, turning "to Crito, ſays, Crito, pray ſend this woman "home." Accordingly 'twas done. Crito's folks carried Xantippe off, who beat her face and cried bitterly. In the mean time, Socrates, ſitting upon the bed, ſoftly ſtrokes the place of his leg where the chain had been tied, and ſays, "to my mind what men

These magiſtrates were the overſeers of the priſon and priſoners, and executed the ſentences of the judges.

How pleaſure agrees with pain.

† At Athens, after the ſentence was pronounced to the criminal, they untied him, as being a victim to death, which it was not lawful to keep in chains.

" call pleaſure, is a pretty odd ſort of a thing, " which agrees admirably well with pain; though " people believe 'tis quite contrary, becauſe they " cannot meet in one and the ſame ſubject. For, " whoever enjoys the one, muſt unavoidably be " poſſeſſed of the other, as if they were naturally " joined."

Had Æſop been aware of this truth, perhaps he had made a fable of it; and had told us that God deſigning to reconcile theſe two enemies, and not being able to compaſs his end, contented himſelf with tying them to one chain: ſo that ever ſince the one follows the other according to my experience at this minute. For the pain occaſioned by my chain, is now followed with a great deal of pleaſure.

Socrates feigning that the gods tied pleaſure and pain to one chain, makes that the ſubject of a fable.

I am infinitely glad, replies Cebes, interrupting him, that you have mentioned Æſop. For by ſo doing, you have put it in my head to aſk you a queſtion that many have aſked me of late, eſpecially ‡ Evenus. The queſtion relates to your poems in turning the fables of Æſop into verſe, and making a hymn to Apollo. They want to know what moved you, that never made verſes before, to turn poet ſince you came into the priſon? If Evenus aſks the ſame queſtion of me again, as I know he will, what would you have me to ſay?

You have nothing to do, ſays Socrates, but to

‡ Evenus of Paros, an elegaic poet, the firſt that ſaid habit was a ſecond nature.

tell him the plain matter of fact as it ſtands, viz. That I did not at all mean to rival him in poetry, for I knew ſuch an attempt was above my reach; but only to trace the meaning of ſome dreams, and put myſelf in a capacity of obeying, in caſe poetry happened to be the muſick that they allotted for my exerciſe. For you muſt know, that all my life-time I have had dreams, which always recommended the ſame thing to me, ſometimes in one form, and ſometimes in another. Socrates, ſaid they, "apply yourſelf to muſick." This I always took for a ſimple exhortation, like that commonly given to thoſe who run races, ordering me to purſue my wonted courſe of life, and carry on the ſtudy of wiſdom, that I made my whole buſineſs, which is the moſt perfect muſick. But ſince my trial, the feſtival of Apollo having retarded the execution of my ſentence, I fancied theſe dreams might have ordered me to apply myſelf to that vulgar and common ſort of muſick: And ſince I was departing this world, I thought it ſafer to ſanctify myſelf by obeying the Gods, and eſſaying to make verſes, than to diſobey them. Purſuant to this thought, my firſt eſſay was a hymn to the God, whoſe feſtival was then celebrated. After that, I conſidered, that a true poet ought not only to make diſcourſes in verſe, but likewiſe fables.

What moved Socrates to make verſes after his condemnation.

His dreams ordering him to apply himſelf to muſick.

Wiſdom is the perfecteſt muſick.

How to ſanctify one's ſelf before one dies.

'Tis not verſe, but fable, that makes a poet; which is purſued at length in Ariſtotle's Poeticon.

Now finding myſelf not diſpoſed to invent new fables, I applied myſelf to thoſe of Æſop, and turned thoſe into verſe, that came firſt into my mind.

This, my dear Cebes, is the anſwer you're to give Evenus: Aſſuring him, that I wiſh him all happineſs; and tell him, that if he be wiſe he'll follow me. For in all appearance I am to make my exit this day, ſince the Athenians have given orders to that effect.

What ſort of counſel is that you give to Evenus? replies Simmias; I have ſeen that man often: And by what I know of him, I can promiſe you, he'll never follow you with his will.

What, ſays Socrates, is not Evenus a philoſopher?

For a poet ought to be a philoſopher, or elſe he's a ſorry poet.

I think ſo, ſays Simmias.

Then, replies Socrates, he, and all others that are worthy of that profeſſion, will be willing to follow me. I know he will not kill himſelf, for that, they ſay, is not lawful. Having ſpoke theſe words, he drew his legs off the bed, and ſat down upon the ground: in which poſture he entertained us the whole remaining part of the day.

Self-murder is unlawful.

Cebes put the firſt queſtion to him, which was this: How do you reconcile this, Socrates, that 'tis not lawful to kill one's ſelf, and at the ſame time that a philoſopher ought to follow you?

What, replies Socrates, did neither you, nor Simmias, ever hear your friend ‡ Philolaus diſcourſe that point?

‡ Philolaus was a Pythagorean philoſopher, who could not fail to aſſert his maſter's doctrine, of the unlawfulneſs of ſelf-murder. He wrote only one volume, which Plato purchaſed at four hundred crowns.

No, replied they, he never explained himself clearly upon that point.

As for me, replies Socrates, I know nothing but what I have heard, and ſhall not grudge to communicate all that I have learned. Beſides, there's no exerciſe ſo ſuitable for a man upon the point of death, as that of examining and endeavouring thoroughly to know what voyage this is that we muſt all make, and making known his own opinion upon it.

What is the ground of that aſſertion, ſays Cebes, that 'tis not lawful for a man to kill himſelf? I have often heard Philolaus and others ſay, that it was an ill action, but I never heard them ſay more.

Have patience, ſays Socrates, you ſhall know more preſently, and perhaps you'll be ſurprized to find it an eternal truth that never changes; whereas moſt other things in this world alter according to their circumſtances: This is ſtill the ſame, even in the caſe of thoſe to whom death would be more agreeable than life. Is it not a ſurpriſing thing, that ſuch men are not allowed to poſſeſs themſelves of the good they want, but are obliged to wait for another deliverer?

Man cannot deliver himſelf, but muſt wait till God deliver him.

Jupiter only knows that, replies Cebes ſmiling.

This may ſeem unreaſonable to you, ſays Socrates, but after all, it is not ſo. The diſcourſes we are entertained with every day in our ceremonies and myſteries, viz. That God has

The diſcourſes to the people in the ceremonies and myſteries of the pagan religion.

put us in this life, as in a poſt which we cannot quit without his leave, &c. Theſe, I ſay, and ſuch like expreſſions, may ſeem hard, and ſurpaſs our underſtanding. But nothing is eaſier to be underſtood, or better ſaid than this, That the Gods take care of men, and that men are one of the poſſeſſions that belong to the Gods. Is not this true?

Man being God's property, is a proof that he has no right to kill himſelf.

Very true, replies Cebes.

Would not you yourſelf, continues Socrates, be angry if one of your ſlaves killed himſelf without your order, and would not you puniſh him ſeverely, if you could?

Yes, doubtleſs, replies Cebes.

By the ſame reaſon, ſays Socrates, a man ſhould not kill himſelf, but ſhould wait for an expreſs order from God for making his exit, like this ſent me now.

That ſtands to reaſon, ſays Cebes; but your ſaying, That a philoſopher ought nevertheleſs to die, is what I think ſtrange, and I cannot reconcile theſe two opinions; eſpecially if it be true, what you ſaid but now, that the Gods take care of men, as being their property: For that a philoſopher ſhould not be troubled to be without the Gods for his guardians, and to quit a life where ſuch perfect beings, the better governors of the world, take care of him, ſeems very unreaſonable to me. Do they imagine they'll be more capable to govern themſelves, when left to themſelves? I can ea-

Cebes objects that men ſhould be unwilling to leave this life, ſince the Gods are their guardians here.

ſily conceive, that a fool may think it his duty to flee from a good maſter at any rate; and will not be convinced, that he ought to ſtick to what is good, and never loſe ſight of it: But I affirm, that a wiſe man will deſire never to quit a dependance upon a perfecter being than himſelf. From whence I infer the contrary of what you advanced, and conclude that the wiſe are ſorry to die, and fools are fond of death.

The wiſe will ever deſire to depend upon God.

Socrates ſeemed to be pleaſed with Cebes's wit; and turning to us, told us, that Cebes has always ſomething to object, and takes care not to aſſent at firſt to what is told him.

Cebes's objection is only a quibble without any ſolidity.

Indeed, replies Simmias, I muſt ſay, I find a great deal of reaſon in what Cebes advances. What can the ſages pretend to gain, by quitting better maſters than themſelves, and willingly depriving themſelves of their aid? Do you mind that? 'tis you alone that he addreſſes himſelf to, meaning to reprove you for your inſenſibility, in being ſo willing to part with us, and quit the gods, who, according to your own words, are ſuch good and wiſe governors.

You are in the right of it, ſays Socrates: I ſee you mean to oblige me to make formal defences, ſuch as I gave in at my trial.

That's the very thing, replies Simmias.

Then, ſays Socrates, you muſt ſatisfy yourſelves, ſo that this my laſt apology may have more influence upon you, than my former had upon my judges. For my part, continues he, if I thought

I ſhould not find in the other world Gods as good, and as wiſe, and men infinitely better than we, 'twould be a piece of injuſtice in me not to be troubled at death. But be it known to you, Simmias, and to you, Cebes, that I hope to arrive at the aſſembly of the † juſt. Indeed, in this point, I may flatter myſelf; but as for my finding, in the world, maſters infinitely good and wiſe, that I can aſſure you of, as much as things of that nature will bear; and therefore it is, that death is no trouble to me, hoping that there is ſomething reſerved for the dead, after this life; and that the good meet with better treatment in the world to come than the bad.

Socrates refutes Cebes's objection, and proves that the wiſe ſhould deſire death.

The Gods take care of men in the other world.

† He means, that perhaps he has not goodneſs enough to make good his hopes of being received into the aſſembly of the juſt.

The good are better treated in the other world, than the bad.

How, replies Simmias, would you have quitted this life, without communicating thoſe ſentiments to us? This, methinks, will be a common good; and if you convince us of all that you believe with reference to this point, you have made a ſufficient apology.

The doctrine of the immortality of the ſoul ſhould be communicated to others.

That's what I deſign to try, ſays Socrates; but I would firſt hear what Crito has to ſay: I thought he had a mind to offer ſomething a pretty while ago.

I having nothing to ſay, replies Crito, but

what your executioner has been puſhing me on to tell you this great while, that you ought to ſpeak as little as you can, for fear of overheating yourſelf, ſince nothing is more contrary to the operation of poiſon; inſomuch, that if you continue to ſpeak ſo, ‡ you'll be obliged to take two or three doſes.

Let him do his office, ſays Socrates; let him make ready two doſes of poiſon, or three if he will.

I knew you would give me that anſwer, replies Crito; but ſtill he importunes me to ſpeak to you.

Pray let that alone, ſays Socrates, and ſuffer me to explain before you, who are my judges, for what reaſons a man enlightened by philoſophy, ought to die with courage and a firm hope, that in the other world he ſhall enjoy a felicity beyond any thing in this. Pray do you, Simmias and Cebes, liſten to my arguments.

True philoſophers learn to die all their lifetime.

True philoſophers make it the whole buſineſs of their lifetime to learn to die. Now, 'tis extremely ridiculous for them, after they run out a whole courſe inceſſantly, in order to compaſs that one end, to flinch and be afraid when it comes up to them, when they are juſt in a capacity of obtaining it after a long and painful ſearch.

Whereupon Simmias laughed, and told him,

‡ Probably the executioner meant by this advice to keep fair with Socrates, and ſave his money; for he was to furniſh the hemlock, of which a pound (the common doſe) coſt 12 drachms, i. e. 3 livres and 12 d. See Plutarch upon the death of Phocion, who was obliged to pay his executioner for a doſe of poiſon.

In earneſt, Socrates, you make me laugh, notwithſtanding the ſmall occaſion I have to laugh in this juncture. For I am certain the greateſt part of thoſe who hear you talk ſo, will ſay you talk much better of the philoſophers than you believe. Above all the Athenians would be glad that all the philoſophers would learn that leſſon ſo well as to die in effect; and they'll be ready to tell you, death is the only thing they are worthy of.

A ſatyrical rub upon the Athenians, who could not abide philoſophers.

Simmias, replies Socrates, our Athenians would ſo ſpeak the truth, without knowing it to be ſuch: For they are ignorant in what manner philoſophers deſire to die, or how they are worthy of it. But let us leave the Athenians to themſelves; and talk of things within our own company. Does death appear to be any thing to you?

Yes, without doubt; replies Simmias.

Is it not, continues Socrates, the ſeparation of ſoul and body; ſo that the body has one ſeparate being, and the ſoul another?

Juſt ſo, ſays Simmias.

What is death.

Let's try then, my dear Simmias, if your thoughts and mine agree. By what means we ſhall ſet the object of our preſent enquiry in a clearer light. Do you think a philoſopher courts what the world calls pleaſure, as that of eating, drinking, &c.

Philoſophers do not court pleaſure.

Not at all, Socrates.

Nor that of love?

By no means.

Do you think they purſue or mind the other pleaſures relating to the body, ſuch as good cloaths, handſome ſhoes, and the other ornaments of the body? Whether do you think they value or ſlight thoſe things, when neceſſity does not enforce their uſe?

In my mind, replies Simmias, a true philoſopher muſt needs contemn them.

Then you believe, continues Socrates, that the body is not at all the object of the care and buſineſs of a philoſopher; but, on the contrary, that his whole buſineſs is to ſeparate himſelf from it, and mind only the concerns of his ſoul.

Moſt certainly.

All the philoſopher's buſineſs is to cut off all commerce between ſoul and body.

Thus, continues Socrates, 'tis plain upon the whole, that a philoſopher labours in a more diſtinguiſhing manner than other men to purchaſe the freedom of his ſoul, and cut off all commerce between it and the body. I am likewiſe of the opinion, Simmias, that moſt men will grant that whoever avoids thoſe corporeal things, and takes no pleaſure in them ‡, is not worthy to live; and that he who does not uſe the pleaſures of the body, is near to death.

Your ſpeak truth, Socrates.

The body's being an obſtacle in the acqueſt of prudence, is a proof of this truth.

But what ſhall we ſay of the acquiring of prudence? Is the body an obſtacle or not, when employed in that work? I'll ex-

‡ 'Tis a truth acknowledged by almoſt all the world, that he who does not enjoy the pleaſures of the body, is not worthy to live. So that 'tis a true ſaying, that a philoſopher is worthy of nothing but death.

plain my meaning by an example: Have ſeeing and hearing any thing of truth in them, and is their teſtimony faithful? Or, are the poets in the right in ſinging, that we neither ſee nor hear things truly? For, if theſe two ſenſes of ſeeing and hearing are not true and truſty, the other, which are much weaker, will be far leſs ſuch. Do not you think ſo?

The uncertainty of the ſenſes.

Yes, without doubt, replies Simmias.

When does the ſoul then, continues Socrates, find out the truth? We ſee, that while the body is joined in the enquiry, this body plainly cheats and ſeduces it.

The body deceives the ſoul.

That's true, ſays Simmias.

Is it not by reaſoning that the ſoul embraces truth? And does it not reaſon better than before, when 'tis not encumbered by ſeeing or hearing, pain or pleaſure? When ſhut up within itſelf, it bids adieu to the body, and entertains as little correſpondence with it as poſſible: and purſues the knowledge of things without touching them.

The ſoul reaſons beſt, when undiſturbed by the body, and ſeparated from it.

That's incomparably well ſpoken.

Is it not, eſpecially upon this occaſion, that the ſoul of a philoſopher deſpiſes and avoids the body, and wants to be by itſelf?

I think ſo.

What ſhall we ſay then, my dear Simmias, of all the objects of the ſoul? For inſtance, ſhall we call juſtice ſomething or nothing?

We must certainly give it the title of Something.

Shall we not likewise call it Good and Fine?

Ay, doubtless.

But did you ever see these objects with the eyes of your body?

Or with any other sense? Did you ever touch any of those things I now speak of, such as magnitude, health, fortitude, and, in a word, the essence of all other things? Is the truth of them discovered by the body? Or is it not certain, that whoever puts himself in a condition to examine them more narrowly, and trace them to the bottom, will better compass the end, and know more of them?

The essence of things is known not by the senses, but by the operation of the soul alone.

That's very true.

Now the simplest and purest way of examining things, is to pursue every particular by thought alone, without offering to support our meditation by seeing, or backing our reasonings by any other corporeal sense; by employing the naked thought without any mixture, and so endeavouring to trace the pure and genuine essence of things without the ministry of the eyes or ears: the soul being, if I may so speak, entirely disengaged from the whole mass of body, which only cumbers the soul, and cramps it in the quest of wisdom and truth, as often as it is admitted to the least correspondence with it. If the essence of things be ever known, must it not be in the manner above-mentioned?

The more the soul is disengaged from the body, the more piercing are its thoughts.

Right, Socrates; you have ſpoke incomparably well.

The language of the philoſophers among themſelves.

Is it not a neceſſary conſequence from this principle, continues Socrates, that true philoſophers ſhould have ſuch language among themſelves? This life is a road that's apt to miſlead us and our reaſon in our enquiries; becauſe while we have a body, and while our ſoul is drowned in ſo much corruption, we ſhall never attain the object of our wiſhes, i. e. truth.

The obſtacles raiſed by the body in the ſearch of truth.

The body throws a thouſand obſtacles and croſſes in our way, by demanding neceſſary food; and then the diſeaſes that enſue, do quite diſorder our enquiry: beſides, it fills us with love, deſires, fears, and a thouſand fooliſh imaginations, inſomuch that there is nothing truer, than the common ſaying, 'That the body will 'never conduct us to wiſdom.' What is it that gives riſe to wars, and occaſions ſedition and duelling? Is it not the body and its deſires? In effect, all wars take riſe from the deſire of riches, which we are forced to heap up for the ſake of our body, in order to ſupply its wants, and ſerve it like ſlaves. 'Tis this that cramps our application to philoſophy. And the greateſt of all our evils is, that when it has given us ſome reſpite, and we are ſet upon meditation, it ſteals

It not only diſturbs us with diſeaſes, but often ſinks our judgments and ſenſes.

The body cannot conduct us to wiſdom.

The body is the cauſe of all the diſorders in the world.

in and interrupts our meditation all of a ſudden. It cumbers, troubles, and ſurprizes us in ſuch a manner, that it hinders us from deſcrying the truth. Now we have made it out, that in order to trace the purity and truth of any thing, we ſhould lay aſide the body, and only employ the ſoul to examine the objects we purſue. So that we can never arrive at the wiſdom we court, till after death. Reaſon is on our ſide.

An argument proving that after this life, the ſoul will know the truth better than in this life.

For if it is impoſſible to know any thing purely while we are in the body, one of theſe two things muſt be true: either the truth is never known, or it is known after death; becauſe at that time the ſoul will be left to itſelf, and freed of its burden, and not before. And while we are in this life, we can only approach to the truth in proportion to our removing from the body, and renouncing all correſpondence with it that is not of mere neceſſity, and keeping ourſelves clear from the contagion of its natural corruption, and all its filth, till God himſelf comes to deliver us. Then indeed being freed from all bodily folly, we ſhall converſe in all probability with men that enjoy the ſame liberty, and ſhall know within ourſelves the pure eſſence of things, which perhaps is nothing but the truth. But he who is not pure, is not allowed to approach to purity itſelf. This, my dear Simmias, as I take it, ſhould be the thought and language of true philoſophers. Are not you of the ſame mind?

Truth is the knowledge of the pure eſſence of things.

Moſt certainly, Socrates.

Then, my dear Simmias, whoever ſhall arrive where I am now going, has great reaſon to hope, that he will there be poſſeſſed of what we look for here with ſo much care and anxiety; ſo that the voyage I am now ſent upon, fills me with a ſweet and agreeable hope. And it will have the ſame effect upon all who are perſuaded that the ſoul muſt be purged before it knows the truth. Now the purgation of the ſoul, as we were ſaying but juſt now, is only its ſeparation from the body, its accuſtoming itſelf to retire and lock itſelf up, renouncing all commerce with it as much as poſſible, and living by itſelf, whether in this or † the other world, without being chained to the body.

The purgation of the ſoul is the removing it from the correſpondence with the body.

All that's true, Socrates.

Well! what we call death, is not that the diſengagement and ſeparation of the body from the ſoul?

Moſt certainly.

Are not the true philoſophers the only men that ſeek after this diſengagement? and is not that ſeparation and deliverance their whole buſineſs?

So I think, Socrates.

† The obſtacles raiſed in the purſuit of wiſdom, inſpired the true philoſophers with ſuch an averſion to the body, that they pleaſed themſelves with the fancy, that after death they ſhould be rid of it for ever. They knew no better; and though they had ſome idea of the reſurrection, yet they were abſolutely ignorant that the body will be likewiſe purged and glorified, that this corruptible body would put on incorruptibility, and the mortal part be inveſted with immortality.

Is it not a ridiculous fancy, that a man that has lived in the expectation of death, and during his whole lifetime has been preparing to die, upon his arrival at the point of desired death, should think to retire, and be afraid of it? Would not that be a very scandalous apostacy?

This is what Socrates meant to prove.

How should it be otherwise?

'Tis certain then, Simmias, that death is so far from being terrible to true philosophers, that 'tis their whole business to die; which may be easily inferred thus: if they slight and contemn their body, and passionately desire to enjoy their soul by itself, is it not a piece of extravagance to decline going to that place, where those who get to it, hope to obtain the good things they have wished for all their lifetime? For they desired wisdom, and a deliverance from the body, as being their burden, and the object of their hatred and contempt. Do not many upon the loss of ‡ their mistresses, wives, or children, willingly cut the thread of life, and convey themselves into the other world, merely upon the hope of meeting there, and cohabiting with the persons they love? And shall a true lover of wisdom, and one that firmly hopes to attain the perfection of it in the other world, shall he be startled by death, and be un-

‡ The greatest part, though scarce convinced of the immortality of the soul, used to kill themselves upon the loss of what they loved, hoping to retrieve it in the other world. and is it not reasonable that the true philosophers. who are fully convinced of that truth, and fully persuaded that true wisdom is to be enjoyed in the infernal world, should give death a welcome reception?

willing to go to the place that will furniſh him with what his ſoul loves? Doubtleſs, my dear Simmias, if he be a true philoſopher, he'll go with a great deal of pleaſure; as being perſuaded, that there's no place in the regions below that can furniſh him with that pure wiſdom that he's in queſt of. Now, if things ſtand thus, would it not be a piece of extravagance in ſuch a man to fear death?

To be ſure, ſays Simmias, it would be ſo with a witneſs.

And conſequently, continues Socrates, when a man ſhrinks and retires at the point of death, it is a certain evidence that he loves not wiſdom, but his own body, or honour, or riches, or perhaps all three together.

The three common cauſes of our averſion to death.

'Tis ſo, Socrates.

Then, Simmias, does not what we call Fortitude belong in a peculiar manner to philoſophers? And does not Temperance, or that ſort of wiſdom that conſiſts in controuling our deſires, and living ſoberly, and modeſtly, ſuit admirably well with thoſe who contemn their bodies and live philoſophically?

Fortitude and temperance are peculiar to philoſophers.

That's certain, Socrates.

Were you to inſpect the fortitude and temperance of other men, you'll find 'em very ridiculous.

How ſo, Socrates?

You know, ſays he, all other men look upon death as the greateſt affliction.

That's true, replies Simmias.

The courage and valour of thoſe who deſpiſe death is often the effect of fear.

When thoſe you call Stout ſuffer death with ſome courage, they do it only for fear of ſome greater evil.

That I muſt grant.

And by conſequence, all men, bating the philoſophers, are only ſtout and valiant through fear. And is it not ridiculous to believe a man to be brave and valiant, that is only influenced by fear and timorouſneſs?

You are in the right of it, Socrates.

Is not the caſe the ſame with your temperate perſons? 'Tis only intemperance makes them ſuch. Though at firſt view this may ſeem impoſſible, yet it is no more than what daily experience ſhews to be the reſult of that fooliſh and ridiculous temperance. For ſuch perſons diſclaim one pleaſure only for fear of being robbed of other pleaſures that they covet, and which have an aſcendant over them. They'll cry out to you as long as you will, that intemperance conſiſts in being ruled and over-awed by our paſſions; but at the ſame time that they give you this fine definition, 'tis only their ſubjection to ſome predominant pleaſures, that makes them diſcard others. Now this is much what I have juſt ſaid, that they are only temperate through intemperance.

Men are temperate thro' intemperance.

That's very clear, Socrates.

Let us not be impoſed upon, my dear Simmias: the ſtrait road to virtue does not lie in ſhifting pleaſures for pleaſures, fears for fears, or

The exchange of paſſions is not the true road to virtue.

one melancholy thought for another, and imitating thoſe who change a large piece of money for many ſmall ones. But wiſdom is the only true and unalloyed coin, for which all others muſt be given in exchange. With that piece of money we purchaſe all fortitude, temperance, juſtice. In a word, that virtue is always true that accompanies wiſdom, without any dependance upon pleaſures, grief, fears, or any other paſſions. Whereas all other virtues ſtript of wiſdom, which run upon a perpetual exchange, are only ſhadows of virtue. True virtue is really and in effect a purgation from all theſe ſort of paſſions. Temperance, juſtice, fortitude, and prudence, or wiſdom itſelf, are not exchanged for paſſions, but cleanſe us of them. And it is pretty evident, that thoſe who inſtituted the purifications, called by us Teletus, i. e. Perfect expiations, were † perſons of no contemptible rank, men of great genius, who, in the firſt ages, meant by ſuch riddles to give us to know ¶, that whoever enters the other world without being initiated and purified, ſhall be hurled headlong into the vaſt abyſs;

Wiſdom is the only true coin; it fetches all things: a rich pearl that ought to be purchaſed at the expence of our whole eſtate.

Virtue without wiſdom, is but a ſhadow of virtue.

True virtues are cleanſers and privations, not exchangers.

The ancient purifications are only ænigmas.

† Such as Orpheus, Muſæus, &c.

¶ There's a paſſage to this purpoſe in the ſecond book of his Republick: they ſay, that by virtue of theſe purifications and ſacrifices, we are delivered from the torments of hell; but if we neglect them, we ſhall be liable to all the horrors of the ſame.

As if he had ſaid, many are devout, but few truly pious.

and that whoever arrives there after due purgation, and expiation, ſhall be lodged in the apartment of the gods. For, as the diſpenſers of thoſe expiations ſay, "There are many who bear the * Thyr-"ſus, but few that are poſſeſſed by the ſpirit of "God." Now thoſe who are thus poſſeſſed, as I take it, are the true philoſophers. I have tried all means to be liſted in that number, and have made it the buſineſs of my whole life to compaſs my end. If it pleaſe God, I hope to know in a minute that my efforts have not been ineffectual, and that ſucceſs has crowned my endeavours. This, my dear Simmias, and my dear Cebes, is the apology with which I offer to juſtify my not being troubled or afflicted for parting with you, and quitting my governors in this life; hoping to find good friends and rulers there, as well as here. This the vulgar cannot digeſt. However, I ſhall be ſatisfied if my defences take better with you than they did with my judges.

Socrates having thus ſpoken, Cebes took up the diſcourſe to this purpoſe. Socrates, I ſubſcribe to the truth of all you have ſaid. There's only one thing that men look upon as incredible, viz. what you advanced of the ſoul. For ‡ almoſt every bo-

* The Thyrſus was a ſpear wrapt in vines, or ivy, carried by the followers of Bacchus.

‡ This was the imagination of thoſe who denied the immortality of the ſoul. The author of the book of Wiſdom has ſet them in their true colours. *Our life* (ſays he) *is but a breath; after death it vaniſhes like a vapour, and paſſes like a cloud, or a miſt diſperſed by the rays of the ſun.* Then he tells us, that thoſe who entertain themſelves

dy fancies, that when the ſoul parts from the body, it is no more, it dies along with it; in the very minute of parting, it vaniſhes, like a vapour or ſmoke which flies off, and diſperſes, and has no exiſtence. For if it ſubſiſted by itſelf, were gathered and retired into itſelf, and freed from all the above-mentioned evils; there were a fair and promiſing proſpect, aſcertaining the truth of what you have ſaid. But, that the ſoul lives after the death of a man, that it is ſenſible, that it acts and thinks; that, I ſay, needs both inſinuation, and ſolid proofs to make it go down.

You ſay right, Cebes, replies Socrates: but how ſhall we manage the affair? Shall we in this interview examine whether that is probable or not?

I ſhall be mighty glad, ſays Cebes, to hear your thoughts upon the matter.

At leaſt, ſays Socrates §, I cannot think that any man hearing us, though he were a comedian, would upbraid me with raillery, and charge me with not ſpeaking of ſuch things as concern us very much. If you have a mind that we ſhould trace this affair to the bottom; my opinion is, that we ſhould proceed in the following method, in order to know whether the ſouls of the dead have a being in the other world, or not.

‡ 'Tis a very ancient opinion, that ſouls quitting

with ſuch language, *were not acquainted with the ſecrets of God, for God created man incorruptible, after his own image, and the hope of the righteous is full of immortality.* Now this is juſt Socrates's doctrine.

§ A ſatirical touch upon Ariſtophanes, who in his comedy of the Clouds had charged Socrates with amuſing himſelf only with trifles.

‡ The firſt argument grounded on the opinion of the Metempſy-

this world repair to the infernal regions, and return after that to live in the world. If it be ſo, that men return to life after death, it follows neceſſarily, that during that interval, their ſouls are lodged in the lower regions: for if they had not a being they could not return to this world. For this will be a ſufficient proof of what we affirm †, if we be convinced that the living ſpring from the dead: if otherwiſe, then we muſt look out for other proofs.

That's certain, ſays Cebes.

But to aſſure ourſelves of this truth, replies Socrates; 'tis not ſufficient to examine the point upon the compariſon with men: but likewiſe upon that with other animals, plants, and whatever has a vegetable principle. By that means we ſhall be convinced that all things are born after the ſame manner; that is, whatever has a contrary, owes its firſt riſe to its contrary. For inſtance, handſome is the contrary to ugly, and juſt to unjuſt. And the ſame is the caſe of an infinite number

choſis; which Socrates only makes uſe of to ſhew that it ſuppoſed the future exiſtence of ſouls for a certain truth.

† Since all things take riſe from their contraries, life cannot ſwerve from the common rule. Now, if life comes from death, then the ſoul has a being. This is a certain truth, but can only be made out by the reſurrection. Wherefore St. Paul tells the oppoſers of that truth, "Thou fool, that which thou ſoweſt is not quickened except "it die." 1 Cor. xv. 36. Socrates goes upon the ſame principle, but 'tis only the Chriſtian religion that can explain it. Plato and Socrates had ſome idea of the reſurrection; but they ſpoiled it by mingling it with the groſs doctrine of Pythagoras, they drew falſe conſequences from a principle that's very true in itſelf. Beſides, this principle has a very dangerous error couched under it, which we refuted in the preface.

of other things. Now, let's ſee if it be abſolutely neceſſary that whatever has a contrary, ſhould ſpring from that contrary. As when a thing becomes bigger, of neceſſity it muſt formerly have been leſſer, before it acquired that magnitude. And when it dwindles into a leſſer form, it muſt needs have been greater before its diminution. In like manner, the ſtrongeſt ariſes from the weakeſt, and the ſwifteſt from the ſloweſt.

That's a plain truth, ſays Cebes.

And pray, continues Socrates, when a thing becomes worſe, was it not formerly better? and when it grows juſt, is it not becauſe it was formerly more unjuſt?

Yes, ſurely, Socrates.

Then it is ſufficiently proved, that every thing is generated by its contrary.

Sufficiently, Socrates.

But is not there always a certain medium between theſe two contraries? There are two births, or two proceſſions, one of this from that, and another of that from this. The medium between a greater and a leſſer thing, is increaſe and diminution. The ſame is the caſe of what we call mixing, ſeparating, heating, cooling, and all other things *in infinitum*. For though it ſometimes falls out, that we have not terms to expreſs thoſe changes and mediums, yet experience ſhews, that by an abſolute neceſſity, things take riſe from one another, and paſs reciprocally from one to another through a medium.

Between two contraries there is always a medium, which we may call the point of their generation.

There's no doubt of that.

And what, continues Socrates, has not life likewiſe its contrary, as awaking has ſleeping?

Without doubt, ſays Cebes.

What is the contrary?

Death.

Since theſe two things are contrary, do not they take riſe one from the other? And between theſe two, are there not two generations, or two proceſſions?

The proceſſion of life from death, and that of death from life.

Why not?

But, ſays Socrates, I am about to tell you how the now-mentioned combination ſtands, and to ſhew you the original and progreſs of each of theſe two things which make up the compound. Pray tell me how awaking and ſleeping are related? Does not ſleep beget watchfulneſs, and watching ſleep? And is not the generation of ſleep, the falling aſleep? and that of watching, the awaking?

Of watching and ſleeping.

All very clear.

Now, pray view the combination of life and death. Is not death the contrary of life.

Yes.

And does not the one breed the other?

Yes.

What is it that life breeds?

Death.

What is it that death breeds?

It muſt certainly be life.

A full proof of the reſurrection.

Then, ſays Socrates, all living things and men, are bred from death.

So I think, ſays Cebes.

And, by conſequence, continues Socrates, our ſouls are lodged in the infernal world after our death.

The conſequence ſeems juſt.

But of theſe two generations, one, viz. death, is very palpable: it diſcovers itſelf to the eye, and is touched by the hand.

Moſt certainly.

Shall we not then attribute to death the virtue of producing its contrary, as well as to life? Or, ſhall we ſay, that nature is lame and maimed on that ſcore?

If death did not produce its contrary, nature would be defective.

There's an abſolute neceſſity, replies Cebes, of aſcribing to death the generation of its contrary.

What is that contrary?

Reviving, or returning to life.

If there is ſuch a thing as returning to life, 'tis nothing elſe but the birth of the dead returning to life. And thus we agree, that the living are as much the product of the dead, as the dead are of the living. Which is an inconteſtible proof, that the ſouls of the dead muſt remain in ſome place or other, from whence they return to life.

That, as I take it, Cebes, is a neceſſary conſequence from the principles we have agreed on.

And, as I take it, Cebes, theſe principles are well grounded: conſider them yourſelf.

* If all theſe contraries had not their productions and generations in their turns, which make a circle; and if there were nothing but one birth, and one direct production from one to the other contrary, without the return of the laſt contrary to the firſt that produced it; were it not ſo, all things would terminate in the ſame figure, and be affected in the ſame manner, and at laſt ceaſe to be born.

How do you ſay, Socrates?

A proof of the laſt propoſition.

There's no difficulty in conceiving what I now ſay. If there was nothing but ſleep, and if ſleep did not produce watching †, 'tis plain that every thing would be an emblem of the fable of Endymion, and nothing would be ſeen any where, becauſe the ſame thing muſt happen to them which happened to Endymion, viz. they muſt always ſleep. If every thing were mingled without any ſubſequent ſeparation, we ſhould quickly ſee Anaxagoras's doctrine fulfilled, and all things jumbled together. At the ſame rate, my dear Cebes ‡, if all living things died, and being dead, continued ſuch without reviving, would not all things unavoidably come to an end at laſt, inſomuch that there would not be a living thing left in being?

* If death did not give riſe to life, as life does to death, all things would quickly be at an end, and tumble into their primitive chaos.

† If life did not ſpring from death, all things would at laſt ſleep like Endymion, whom the moon lulled eternally aſleep, according to the fable.

‡ That is to ſay, all things would quickly tumble into their primitive chaos.

For if living things did * not ariſe from dead ones, when the living ones die, of neceſſity all things muſt at laſt be ſwallowed up by death, and entirely annihilated

It is neceſſarily ſo, replies Cebes; all that you have ſaid ſeems to be unconteſtable.

As I take it, Cebes, there is no objection made againſt thoſe truths, neither are we miſtaken in receiving them; for 'tis certain there is a return to life; 'tis certain that the living riſe out of the dead; that the ſouls departed † have a being, and upon their return to this life, the good ſouls are in a better, and the bad ones in a worſe condition.

'Tis certain that death muſt deliver up thoſe it has ſwallowed.

What you now advance, ſays Cebes, interrupting Socrates, is only a neceſſary conſequence of another principle that I have often heard you lay down, viz. That ‡ all our acquired knowledge is only remembrance. For, if that principle be true, we muſt neceſſarily have learnt at another time what we call to mind in this. Now that's impoſſible, unleſs our ſoul had a being before its being inveſted with this human form. So that this ſame principle concludes the immortality of the ſoul.

* I've corrected this paſſage by reading μη γενοιτο, for without μη 'twas not ſenſe.

† Socrates in this place ſeems only to own one return to this life, which is that of the reſurrection.

‡ Socrates made uſe of that principle, as being eſtabliſhed to his hands, and a neceſſary conſequence of the creation of ſouls before the body. But he did not teach it for a certainty, as we ſhall ſee in Menon.

But, Cebes, ſays Simmias, interrupting him, what demonſtration have we of that principle? Pray refreſh my memory with it, for at preſent it is out of my head.

There's a very pretty demonſtration for it, replies Cebes. All men being duly interrogated, find out all things of themſelves; which they could never do without knowledge and right reaſon. Put them at unawares upon the figures of geometry, and other things of that nature, they'll preſently perceive that 'tis as 'tis ſaid.

Simmias, ſays Socrates, if you will not rely upon this experience, pray try whether the ſame method will not bring you over to our ſentiments. Do you find great difficulty in believing that learning is only remembering?

I do not find very much, replies Simmias; but I would gladly learn that remembrance you ſpeak of. By what Cebes has ſaid, I almoſt remember it, and I begin to believe it; but that ſhall not hinder me from hearing with pleaſure the arguments you can offer for it.

I argue thus, replies Socrates: We all agree, that in order to remember, a man muſt have known before what he then calls to mind.

Moſt certainly.

† And let us likewiſe agree upon this, that knowledge coming in a certain manner is remem-

† Socrates's proofs only conclude a remembrance of things once known and afterwards forgot in this life; not of things learnt in the other world: for the ſoul is not created before the body. This doctrine of remembrance is of admirable uſe for making out original ſin; as I have ſhewed in the introduction.

brance. I ſay, in a certain manner: for inſtance, when a man by ſeeing, hearing, or perceiving a thing by any of the ſenſes, knows what it is that thus ſtrikes the ſenſes; and at the ſame time imagines to himſelf another thing, independent of that knowledge; by virtue of a quite different knowledge; do not we juſtly ſay, that the man remembers the thing that comes thus into his mind?

How do you ſay, replies Simmias?

I ſay, replies Socrates, for example, that we know a man by one ſort of knowledge, and a harp by another.

That's certain, quoth Simmias.

Well then, continues Socrates, do not you know what happens to lovers, when they ſee the harp, habit, or any other thing that their friends or miſtreſſes uſed to make uſe of? It is juſt as I ſaid but now. Upon ſeeing and knowing the harp, they form in their thoughts the image of the perſon to whom the harp belongs. This is remembrance. Thus it often falls out that one ſeeing † Simmias, thinks of Cebes. I could cite a thouſand inſtances. This then is remembrance, eſpecially when the things called to mind are ſuch as had been forgot through length of time, or being out of ſight.

That's very certain, quoth Simmias.

But, continues Socrates, upon ſeeing the picture of a horſe or harp, may not one call to mind

† By reaſon of their intimacy, which occaſioned their being always together.

the man? and upon ſeeing the picture of Simmias, may not one think of Cebes?

Sure enough, ſays Simmias.

Much more, continues Socrates, upon ſeeing the picture of Simmias, will he call to mind Simmias himſelf.

Ay, with eaſe.

From all theſe inſtances we infer that remembrance is occaſioned ſometimes by things that are like the thing remembered, and ſometimes by things that are unlike. But when one remembers a thing by virtue of a likeneſs, does it not neceſſarily come to paſs that the mind at firſt view diſcovers whether the picture does reſemble the thing deſigned, lamely, or perfectly?

It muſt needs be ſo, replies Simmias.

Then pray mind whether your thoughts of what I am about to ſay, agree with mine. * Is not there ſomething that we call equality? I do not ſpeak of the equality between one tree and another, one ſtone and another, and ſeveral other things that are alike: I ſpeak of the abſtracted equality of things. Shall we call that ſomething or nothing?

Surely, we muſt call it ſomething; but that will only come to paſs when we mean to ſpeak philoſophically and of marvellous things.

But then do we know this equality?

Without doubt.

§ From whence do we derive that knowledge?

* He ſpeaks of an intelligible not a ſenſible equality.

§ Socrates is out in thinking to prove that the knowledge of intelligible qualities was acquired in the other world. That knowledge

Is it not from the things we mentioned but now? 'Tis upon seeing equal trees, equal ſtones, and ſeveral other things of the nature, that we form the idea of that equality, which is not either the trees or the ſtones, but ſomething abſtracted from all ſubjects. Do not you find it ſuch? Pray take notice. The ſtones and the trees are always the ſame, and yet do not they ſometimes appear unequal?

He means to prove that the knowledge of this intelligible equality cannot be acquired in this world, and therefore muſt be referred to the other.

Sure enough.

What! Do equal things appear unequal? Or, does equality take up the form of inequality?

By no means, Socrates.

Then equality, and the thing which is equal, are two different things.

Otherwiſe equality and inequality would meet in the ſame ſubject, which is a contradiction.

Moſt certainly.

But after all, theſe equal things, which are different from equality, furniſh us with the idea and knowledge of that abſtracted equality.

That's true, replies Simmias.

The caſe is the ſame, whether this equality bears a reſemblance to the things that occaſioned its idea, or not.

is the effect of light with which God illuminates the ſoul, or the tracks of impreſſion that are not quite defaced by ſin; 'Tis the remainder of the knowledge we have loſt, and of the perfection we have forfeited. So that, if the other life be taken in Socrates's ſenſe, the propoſition is falſe; if in ours, for the ſtate of the ſoul before ſin, 'tis true.

Moſt certainly.

When, upon ſeeing one thing, you call to mind another, 'tis no matter if it be like it or not; ſtill it is remembrance.

Without doubt.

For the ſenſible equality is never ſo perfect as the intellectual.

But what ſhall we ſay to this, continues Socrates; when we behold trees or other things that are equal, are they equal according to the equality of which we have the idea, or not?

Very far from it.

Then we agree upon this. When a man ſees a thing before him, and thinks it would be equal to another thing, but at the ſame time is far from being ſo perfectly equal, as the equality of which he has the idea; then, I ſay †, he who thinks thus, muſt neceſſarily have known beforehand this intellectual being which the thing reſembles, but imperfectly.

There's an abſolute neceſſity for that.

And is not the caſe the ſame, when we compare things equal with the equality?

Sure enough, Socrates.

Then of neceſſity we muſt have known that equality before the time, in which we ſaw the equal things, and thereupon thought, that they all tended to be equal as equality itſelf, but could not reach it.

That's certain.

† Though he muſt have known it, it does not follow that he knew it in the other life, unleſs it be thereby meant the very inſtant of the creation of the ſoul.

But we likewiſe agree upon this, That this thought can be derived from nothing elſe but one of our ſenſes, from ſeeing, touching, or feeling one way or other: And the ſame concluſion will hold of all beings, whether intellectual or ſenſible.

This principle is true, but the conſequence he draws from it is falſe.

All things will equally conclude for what you deſign.

Then 'tis from the ſenſes themſelves that we derive this thought; that all the objects of our ſenſes have a tendency towards this intellectual equality, but come ſhort of it; Is it not?

Yes, without doubt, Socrates.

In effect, Simmias ‡, before we began to ſee, feel, or uſe our ſenſes, we muſt have had the knowledge of this intellectual equality; elſe we could not be capable to compare it with the ſenſible things, and perceive that they have all a tendency towards it, but fall ſhort of its perfection.

That's a neceſſary conſequence from the premiſes.

But is it not certain, That immediately after our birth, we ſaw, we heard, and made uſe of our other ſenſes?

Very true.

Then it follows, that before that time we had the knowledge of that equality?

Without doubt.

‡ One might have anſwered, That we had not that knowledge before we were born, but received it afterwards by the gradual communication of light from God into the ſoul. But as 'tis certain that the ſoul was created full of light and perfection, ſo this truth was

This conſequence is only true in our ſenſe.

§ And by conſequence we were poſſeſſed of it before we were born.

So I think.

If we poſſeſſed it before we were born, then we knew things before we were born, and immediately after our birth; knew not only what is equal, what great, what ſmall, but all other things of that nature. For what we now advance of equality, is equally applicable to goodneſs, juſtice, ſanctity; and, in a word, to all other things that have a real * exiſtence. So that of neceſſity we muſt have known all theſe things before we came into this world.

That's certain.

And being poſſeſſed of that knowledge, if we did not forget apace every day, we ſhould not only be born with it, but retain it all our lifetime. For to know, is only to preſerve the knowledge we have received, and not to loſe it. And to forget is to loſe the knowledge we enjoyed before.

That's certain, Socrates.

Now if, after having poſſeſſed that knowledge before we were born, and having loſt it ſince, we

known to the Pagans, and upon that account Socrates's friends were obliged to aſſent to what he ſaid. And after all, if by the firſt life of the ſoul we underſtand the very inſtant of creation, or the ſtate of the ſoul before the fall, the propoſition is true.

§ We knew before we ſinned; we loſt our knowledge by ſinning; and recal it again by virtue of the light imparted by God to the ſoul.

* The Greek expoſition is very remarkable, it turns thus, "things "upon which we have put this ſtamp, that 'tis ſo." That is, to diſtinguiſh things that have a true exiſtence, from ſenſible things that have no true exiſtence.

come to retrieve it by the miniſtry of our ſenſes, which we call learning, ſhall we not juſtly entitle it *Remembrance?*

With a great deal of reaſon, Socrates.

‡ For we have agreed upon this; that 'tis very poſſible, that a man ſeeing, hearing, or perceiving one thing by any one of his ſenſes, ſhould frame to himſelf the imagination of another thing that he had forgot; to which the thing perceived by the ſenſes has ſome relation, whether it reſembles the other, or not. So that one of two things muſt neceſſarily follow; either we were born with that knowledge, and preſerved it all along; or elſe retrieved it afterwards by way of remembrance. Which of theſe two do you pitch upon, Simmias? Are we born with that knowledge; or do we call it to mind after having had it, and forgot it?

Indeed, Socrates, I do not know which to chuſe at preſent.

But mind what I am about to ſay to you, and then let us ſee which you'll chuſe. A man that knows any thing, can he give a reaſon for his knowledge or not?

Doubtleſs he can, Socrates.

And you think all men can give a reaſon for what we have been ſpeaking of?

A great panegyrick upon Socrates. What modeſty was this in Plato!

I wiſh they could, replies Simmias; but I'm afraid to-morrow we ſhall have none here that's capable to do it.

‡ It was agreed before, that upon ſeeing one thing, we call to mind another unſeen, as upon ſeeing a lute we think of a miſtreſs, upon ſeeing equal trees we call to mind equality.

Then you think all men have not this knowledge.

No, ſure.

† Do they call to mind, then, the things they have known?

That may be.

At what time did our ſouls learn that knowledge? It cannot be ſince we were men.

No, ſure.

Then it muſt be ſome time before that.

Yes, without doubt.

But this is a falſe principle.

And, by conſequence, Simmias, our ſouls had a being before that time; that is to ſay, before they were inveſted with a human form, while they were without the body, they thought, they knew, and underſtood.

Unleſs you'll allow, Socrates, that we learned it in the minute of our birth: There's no other time left.

Be it ſo, my ‡ dear Simmias, but at what other time did we loſe it? For we did not bring it into the world with us, as we concluded but now. Did we loſe it in the ſame minute that we obtained it? Or can you aſſign any other time?

† If they are not born with that knowledge, then they muſt have forgot it, and recovered it again by remembrance. A falſe conſequence.

‡ All the heathen philoſophers are at a loſs to find out the time of thus forgetting. They were ſenſible that God created the ſoul full of light and underſtanding, but did not permit that the firſt man loſt that light and knowledge by his rebellion; and that if he had continued innocent, as well as now he is fallen, he tranſmitted to us obſcurity and ſin.

No, Socrates, I did not perceive that what I ſaid was to no purpoſe.

§ Then, Simmias, this muſt be a ſtanding truth: That if the objects of our daily converſation have a real exiſtence; I mean, if juſtice, goodneſs, and all that eſſence with which we compare the objects of our ſenſes, and which having an exiſtence before us, proves to be of the ſame nature with our own eſſence, and is the ſtandard by which we meaſure all things: I ſay, if all theſe things have a real exiſtence, our ſoul is likewiſe entitled to exiſtence, and that before we were born; and if theſe things have no being, then all our diſcourſes are uſeleſs. Is it not a ſtanding truth, and withal a juſt and neceſſary conſequence, that the exiſtence of our ſouls before our birth, ſtands and falls with that of thoſe things?

That conſequence, replies Simmias, ſeems to me to be equally juſt and wonderful; and the reſult of the whole diſcourſe affords ſomething very glorious and deſirable on our behalf, ſince it concludes, that before we were born, our ſouls had an exiſtence, as well as that intelligible eſſence you mentioned but now. For my part, I think there's nothing more evident, and more ſenſible, than the exiſtence of all theſe things,

The parallel is not juſt. All theſe intelligent beings are nothing elſe but God himſelf, but the ſoul is not God, it is the work of God.

§ Socrates means to prove that as goodneſs juſtice, and all thoſe intelligible beings, which are the patterns of the ſenſible and real beings, ſubſiſt intelligibly in God from all eternity; ſo our ſoul exiſts by itſelf, and has an eternal being in the idea of God, and from this it derives all its knowledge.

goodneſs, juſtice, &c. and you have ſufficiently made it out.

Now for Cebes, ſays Socrates; for Cebes muſt likewiſe be convinced.

I believe, replies Simmias, though he is the ſtiffeſt man upon earth, and very much proof againſt arguments, yet he'll own your proof to be very convincing. In the mean time, though I am ſufficiently convinced that our ſouls had a being before we were born, I have not yet heard ſufficient proof for its continuing after our death. For that popular opinion, which Cebes mentioned but now, remains in all its force, viz. That after the death of man, the ſoul diſperſes and ceaſes to be. And indeed I cannot ſee why the ſoul ſhould not be born, or proceed from ſome part or other, and have a being before it animates the body in this life; and when it removes from the body, ceaſes to be, and makes its exit as well as the body.

You ſpeak well, Simmias, ſays Cebes; to my mind, Socrates has only proved the half of what he propoſed. 'Tis true he has demonſtrated that the ſoul has a being before the body; but to complete his demonſtration, he ſhould have proved that our ſoul has an exiſtence after death, as well as before this life.

But I have demonſtrated it to you both, replies Socrates; and you'll be ſenſible of it, if you join this laſt proof with what you acknowledged before, viz. That the living riſe from the dead *. For if

* Though our ſoul has no being before our coming into the world,

'tis true, that our ſoul was in being before we were born; then, of neceſſity, when it comes to life, it proceeds, ſo to ſpeak, from the boſom of death; and why ſhould it not lie under the ſame neceſſity of being after death, ſince it muſt return to life? Thus, what you ſpeak of is made out. But I perceive both of you deſire to ſound this matter to the bottom; and are apprehenſive, like children, that when the ſoul departs the body, the winds run away with it, and diſperſe it, eſpecially when a man dies in an open country, in a place expoſed to the winds.

Whereupon Cebes, ſmiling, replied, pray then Socrates, try to diſcuſs our fears, or rather convince us, as if we feared nothing. Though indeed there be ſome among us, who lie under thoſe childiſh apprehenſions. Perſuade us then not to fear death, as a vain phantom.

As for that, ſays Socrates, you muſt employ ſpells and exorciſms every day till you be cured.

Theſe ſpells and exorciſms muſt be looked for in the word of God.

But pray, Socrates, where ſhall we meet with an excellent conjurer, ſince you are going to leave us?

Greece is large enough, replies Socrates, and well ſtored with learned men. Beſides, there are a great many barbarous nations, which you muſt ſcour in order to find out the conjurer, with-

'Twas from thoſe nations whom he calls barbarous, that he derived the rays of that truth, that the ſoul is immortal.

yet it continues after death, ſince it muſt return to life by the reſurrection, and the living take riſe from the dead. The defeat of death is the triumph of life. This proof of the neceſſary riſe of the living from the dead, is an admirable ſupport for our Chriſtian hope.

cut ſparing either labour or charges: For you cannot employ your money in a better cauſe. You muſt likewiſe look for one among yourſelves; for 'tis poſſible there may be none found more capable to perform thoſe enchantments than yourſelves.

We ſhall obey your order, Socrates, in looking out for one: But in the mean while, if you pleaſe, let's reſume our former diſcourſe.

With all my heart, Cebes.

Well ſaid, Socrates.

‡ The firſt queſtion we ought to aſk ourſelves, ſays Socrates, is, What ſort of things they are that are apt to be diſſipated; what things are liable to that accident, and what part of thoſe things? Then we muſt enquire into the nature of the ſoul, and form our hopes or fears accordingly.

That's very true.

Only compounded things can naturally be diſſipated.

He adds naturally, becauſe the will of God may controul nature.

Is it not certain, that only compounded things, or ſuch as are of a compoundable nature, admit of being diſſipated at the ſame rate that they were compounded? If there are any uncompounded beings, they alone are free from this accident, and naturally uncapable of diſſipation.

That I think is very clear, replies Cebes.

Is it not very likely, that things which are always the ſame, and in the ſame condition, are not

‡ Hitherto Socrates endeavoured to make good the exiſtence of ſouls before their bodies, as being a point of the received theology. And foraſmuch as the principle is falſe, 'twas impoſſible for him to give a better proof, ſince a lie does not admit of demonſtration. But now he is about to make good the future exiſtence and immortality of the ſoul by ſolid and unſhaken arguments.

at all compounded; and that thoſe which are liable to perpetual changes, and are never the ſame, are certainly compounded?

Change a ſign of compoſition.

I am of your mind, Socrates.

Let us betake ourſelves to the things we were ſpeaking of but now, the exiſtence whereof is never conteſted either in queſtion or anſwer; are theſe always the ſame, or do they ſometimes change? Equality, beauty, goodneſs, and every ſingular thing, i. e. the eſſence itſelf; do theſe receive the leaſt alteration, or are they ſo pure and ſimple, that they continue always the ſame, without undergoing the leaſt change?

Intellectual beings, &c.

Of neceſſity, replies Cebes, they muſt continue ſtill the ſame without alteration.

And all theſe fine things, ſays Socrates, ſuch as men, horſes, habits, moveables, and a great many other things of the ſame nature, are they intirely oppoſite to the former, that they never continue in the ſame condition, either with reference to themſelves, or others; but are ſubject to perpetual alterations?

They never continue in the ſame condition, replies Cebes.

Now theſe are the things that are viſible, touchable, perceptible by ſome other ſenſe; whereas the former, which continue ſtill the ſame, can only be reached by thought, as being immaterial and inviſible.

That's true, Socrates.

If you pleaſe, continues Socrates, I'll inſtance

in two things, the one viſible, the other inviſible; one ſtill the ſame, and the other betraying continual alterations.

With all my heart, ſays Cebes.

Let's ſee then; Are not we compounded of a body and a ſoul? or is there any other ingredient in our compoſition?

No, ſure.

Which of the two kinds of things does our body moſt reſemble?

All men own that it is moſt conformable to the viſible ſort.

And pray, my dear Cebes, is our ſoul viſible or inviſible?

At leaſt 'tis inviſible to men.

He adds to men, implying that 'tis viſible to God.

But when we ſpeak of viſible or inviſible things, we mean with reference to men, without minding any other nature. Once more then; is the ſoul viſible, or not?

'Tis not viſible.

Then 'tis immaterial and inviſible?

Yes.

And by conſequence the ſoul is more conformable than the body to the inviſible kind of things; and the body ſuits better with the viſible?

There's an abſolute neceſſity for that.

When the ſoul makes uſe of the body in conſidering any thing, by ſeeing, hearing, or any other ſenſe, (that being the ſole function of the body, to conſider things by the ſenſes) ſhould not we then ſay that the

The condition of the ſoul when engaged in matter.

Its condition when diſengaged.

body draws the ſoul upon mutable things? In this condition it ſtrays, frets, ſtaggers, and is giddy like a man in drink, by reaſon of its being engaged in matter. Whereas, when it purſues things by itſelf without calling in the body, it betakes itſelf to what is pure, immortal, immutable; and, as being of the ſame nature, dwells conſtantly upon it while it is maſter of itſelf. Then its errors are at an end, and it is always the ſame, as being united to what never changes; and this paſſion of the ſoul is what we call wiſdom or prudence.

Wiſdom is that ſtate of the ſoul when 'tis divorced from the paſſions of the body, and united conſtantly to God.

That's admirably well ſpoke, Socrates, and a very great truth.

After all then, which ſort of things does the ſoul ſeem to reſemble moſt?

To my mind, Socrates, there's no man ſo ſtupid and ſtiff, as not to be obliged by your method of arguing, to acknowledge, that the ſoul bears a greater reſemblance and conformity to the immutable being, than to that which is always upon the change.

And as for the body?

It bears a greater reſemblance to the other.

Let's try another way. During the conjunction of body and ſoul, nature orders the one to obey and be a ſlave, and the other to command and hold the empire. Which of theſe two characters is moſt ſuitable to the divine Being; and which to that that is mortal? Are not you ſenſible, that the divine is only capable of commanding and ruling; and what is

The ſoul being the image of God, ought to command, and the body to obey.

mortal is only worthy of obedience and ſlavery?

Sure enough.

Which of theſe two then agrees beſt with the ſoul?

'Tis evident, Socrates, that our ſoul reſembles what is divine, and our body what is mortal.

You ſee then, my dear Cebes, the neceſſary reſult of all is, that our ſoul bears a ſtrict reſemblance to what is divine, immortal, intellectual, ſimple, indiſſolvable; and is always the ſame, and always like it: and that our body does perfectly reſemble what is human, mortal, ſenſible, compounded, diſſolvable, always changing, and never like itſelf. Can any thing be alledged to deſtroy that conſequence, or to make out the contrary?

The nature of the ſoul.

The nature of the body.

No, ſure, Socrates.

Does not it then ſuit with the body to be quickly diſſolved, and with the ſoul to be always indiſſolvable, or ſomething very near it?

That's a ſtanding truth.

† Accordingly you ſee every day, when a man dies, his viſible body, that continues expoſed to our view, and which we call the corpſe, that alone admits of diſſolution, alteration, and diſſipation: this, I ſay, does not immediately undergo any of theſe accidents, but continues a pretty while in its entire form, or in its flower, if I may ſo ſpeak ‡,

† Socrates is about to ſhew the ridiculouſneſs of the opinion of the ſoul's diſſipation after death. What, ſhall the body, a compounded being, ſubſiſt a pretty while after death, and the ſoul, a ſimple being, be immediately diſſipated? After what has been ſaid, the ridiculouſneſs is very plain.

‡ This paſſage is enough to ſtun the criticks, who make a great

eſpecially in this ſeaſon. Bodies embalmed after the manner of thoſe in Egypt *, remain entire for an infinity of years: and even in thoſe that corrupt, there are always ſome parts, ſuch as the bones, nerves, and the like, that continue in a manner immortal. Is not this true?

Very true.

Now as for the ſoul, which is an inviſible being, that goes to a place like itſelf, marvellous, pure, and inviſible, in the infernal world; and returns to a God full of goodneſs and wiſdom; which I hope will be the fate of my ſoul in a minute, if it pleaſe God. Shall a ſoul of this nature, and created with all theſe advantages, be diſſipated and annihilated, as ſoon as it parts from the body, as moſt men believe? No ſuch thing, my dear Simmias, and my dear Cebes. I'll tell you what will rather come to paſs, and what we ought to believe ſteadily. If the ſoul retain its purity without any mixture of filth from the body, as ha-

buſtle to find out the preciſe time of Socrates's death; and after ſtraining hard in demonſtrating the Attick calendar, and computing its months, aſſure us he died in the month of July. Here to their great misfortune, Socrates himſelf ſays, he died in the ſeaſon in which corpſe keep beſt. The month of July is not entitled to that character, eſpecially in Greece. So that they muſt make a new computation. But how came this paſſage to eſcape their view? The reaſon is plain; Moſt of them do not read the originals. When they look for any thing, they content themſelves with running over a tranſlation. Now the tranſlation of this paſſage is very faulty. Neither Marſilius Ficinius nor De Serres underſtood it. They took ωρα for the good condition and entireneſs of the parts; whereas it ſignifies the ſeaſon. Upon which miſtake, the one renders εν τοιαυτη τη ωρα, *cum quadam moderatione*; and the other, *corpore perbelle affecto*.

* That is to ſay, without corruption or wounds.

ving entertained no voluntary correſpondence with it; but on the contrary, having always avoided it, and recollected itſelf within itſelf in continual meditations; that is, in ſtudying the true philoſophy, and effectually learning to die; for philoſophy is a preparation to death: I ſay, if the ſoul departs in this condition, it repairs to a being like itſelf, a being that's divine, immortal, and full of wiſdom; in which it enjoys an inexpreſſible felicity, as being freed from its errors, its ignorance, its fears, its amours, that tyrannized over it, and all the other evils pertaining to human nature: and as 'tis ſaid of thoſe who have been initiated in holy myſteries, it truly paſſes a whole courſe of eternity with the Gods. Ought not this to be the matter of our belief?

The ſtate of the departed ſouls of thoſe who ſerved God in ſincerity all their lifetime.

The initiation into myſteries was only a ſhadow of what was to be compleated in the other world.

Sure enough, Socrates.

But if the ſoul depart full of uncleanneſs and impurity, as having been all along mingled with the body, always employed in its ſervice, always poſſeſſed by the love of it, wheedled and charmed by its pleaſures and luſts; inſomuch that it is believed there was nothing real or true beyond what is corporeal; what may be ſeen, touched, drank, or eaten, or what is the object of carnal pleaſure; that it hated, dreaded, and avoided what the eyes of the body could not

The future ſtate of impure ſouls.

Impure ſouls believe there's no reality in any thing but what is corporeal.

All intelligible things are only obſcurity to the eyes of the body.

deſcry, and all that is intelligible, and can only be enjoyed by philoſophy; Do you think, I ſay, that a ſoul in this condition can depart pure and ſimple from the body?

No, ſure, Socrates, that's impoſſible.

On the contrary, it departs ſtained with corporeal pollution, which was rendered natural to it by its continual commerce and too intimate union with the body, at a time when it was its conſtant companion, and was ſtill employed in ſerving and gratifying it.

A ſoul polluted and beſpattered with filth.

Moſt certainly.

This pollution, my dear Cebes, is a groſs, heavy, earthy and viſible maſs; and the ſoul loaded with ſuch a weight, is dragged into that viſible place, not only by the weight, but by its own dreading the light and the inviſible place; and, as we commonly ſay, it wanders in the † church-yards, round the tombs, where dark phantoms and apparitions are often ſeen; ſuch as theſe ſouls that did not depart the body in purity or ſimplicity, but polluted with that earthy and viſible matter that makes them degenerate into a viſible form.

Impure ſpirits frequenting ſepulchres.

That's very likely, Socrates.

Yes without doubt, Cebes; and 'tis alſo likely that 'tis not the good but the bad ſouls that are forced to wander in thoſe places of impurity;

† Socrates ſpeaks here of the impure ſpirits that dwelt among the tombs in church-yards, ſuch as are mentioned in the goſpel, Matth. viii. 28. Mark v. 2. Luke viii. 26. which wandered night and day round the tombs, and upon the mountains. He alledges they were

An error taken from Pythagoras's Metempſychoſis, taken in a groſs ſenſe.

where they ſuffer for their former ill life, and continue to wander, till, through the love they have to this corporeal maſs, which always follows them, they engage again in a new body, and in all probability plunge themſelves into the ſame manners and paſſions, as were the occupation of their firſt life.

How do you ſay, Socrates?

I ſay, Cebes, that for inſtance, thoſe who made their belly their God, and loved nothing but indolence and impurity, without any ſhame, and without any reſerve; thoſe ‡ enter into the bodies of aſſes or ſuch like creatures: Do not you think this very probable?

Yes ſure, Socrates.

And thoſe ſouls which loved only injuſtice, tyranny, and rapine, are employed to animate the bodies of wolves, hawks, and faulcons. Where elſe ſhould ſouls of that ſtamp go?

No where elſe, Socrates.

corrupt and polluted ſouls, which bore the pollution they had contracted by ſin, in plunging themſelves too deep in matter.

‡ In the life of Plato, we took notice of this opinion of ſouls paſſing into other bodies, whether men or beaſts, and endeavoured to diſcover its ſource. I ſhall only add, that by Socrates's way of expreſſing himſelf, one would believe that this imaginary tranſmigration of ſouls was grounded upon thoſe impure ſpirits that entered into men and beaſts. We are not to doubt, but that in theſe times of obſcurity, under the real empire of the devil, there were a great many people poſſeſſed in that manner, and that was a ſufficient ground for forming the idea of the tranſmigration of ſouls, that being moſt apt to frighten them. They fancied that theſe impure ſpirits took to themſelves bodies in the ſepulchres where they dwelt.

The caſe of all the reſt is much the ſame. They go to animate the bodies of beaſts of different ſpecies, according as they reſemble their firſt courſes.

According to theſe principles, it cannot be otherwiſe.

The happieſt of all theſe men, whoſe ſouls are ſent to the moſt agreeable place, are thoſe who have always made a profeſſion of popular and civil virtues, which are called temperance and juſtice: to which they have brought themſelves only by habit and exerciſe, without any aſſiſtance from philoſophy and the mind.

The fate of thoſe who are temperate and juſt by habit, with the aſſiſtance of philoſophy.

How can they be ſo happy then?

'Tis probable that after their death, their ſouls are joined to the bodies of politick and meek animals, ſuch as bees, waſps, and ants; or elſe return to human bodies, and become temperate and wiſe men. But as for approaching to the nature of God, that is not at all allowed to thoſe who did not live philoſophically, and whoſe ſouls did not depart with all their purity. That great privilege is reſerved for the lovers of true wiſdom. And 'tis upon the conſideration of this, my dear Simmias, and my dear Cebes, that the ‡ true philoſophers renounce the deſires of the body, and keep themſelves up from its luſts; they are not apprehenſive of the ruin of their families, or of poverty, as the vulgar are, and thoſe who are wedded to

‡ A fine character of true philoſophers. They fear neither poverty, ignominy, nor death: they renounce themſelves, and all things beſides.

their riches: they fear neither ignominy nor reproach, as thoſe do who court only dignities and honour In a word, they renounce all things and even themſelves.

It would not be ſuitable for them to do otherwiſe, replies Cebes.

No, ſure, continues Socrates. In the like manner, all thoſe who value their ſouls, and do not live for the body, depart from all ſuch luſts, and follow a different courſe from thoſe inſenſible creatures that do not know where they go. They are perſuaded that they ought not to do any thing contrary to philoſophy, or harbour any thing that deſtroys its purifications and retards their liberty; and accordingly reſign themſelves to its conduct, and follow it whitherſoever it leads them.

They are inſenſible that know not where they go.

The purifications of philoſophy.

How do you ſay, Socrates?

I'll explain it to you. The philoſophers finding their ſoul tied and chained to the body, and by that means obliged to employ the body in the purſuit of objects which it cannot follow alone, ſo that it ſtill floats in an abyſs of ignorance, are very ſenſible that the force of this bond lies in its own deſires, inſomuch that the priſoner itſelf helps to lock up the chains. They are ſenſible that philoſophy coming to ſeize upon the ſoul in this condition, gently inſtructs and comforts it, and endeavours to diſengage it, by gi-

The force of the bond that impriſons the ſoul, conſiſts in its own deſires.

The ſoul is always headed by the body.

ving it to know, that the eye of the body is full of illuſion and deceit, as well as all its other ſenſes, by advertiſing it not to uſe the body farther than neceſſity requires; and adviſing it to recollect and ſhut up itſelf within itſelf; to receive no diſpoſition but its own, after it has examined within itſelf the intrinſick nature of every thing, and ſtript it of the covering that conceals it from our eyes, and to continue fully perſuaded, that whatever is tried by all its other ſenſes, being different from the former diſcovery, is certainly falſe, now whatever is tried by the corporeal ſenſes, is viſible. And what it views by itſelf without the miniſtry of the body, is inviſible and unintelligible. So that the ſoul of a true philoſopher being convinced that it ſhould not oppoſe its own liberty, diſclaims as far as is poſſible, the pleaſures, luſts, fears and ſorrows of the body: for it knows that when one has enjoyed many pleaſures, or given way to extreme grief or timorouſneſs, or given himſelf to his deſires; he not only is afflicted by the ſenſible evils known to all the world, ſuch as the loſs of health or eſtate, but is doomed to the laſt and greateſt of evils; an evil that is ſo much the more dangerous and terrible, that it is not obvious to our ſenſes.

Whatever the ſoul examines by the bodily ſenſes, is falſe.

Why the ſoul diſclaims all the paſſions of the body.

What evil is that, Socrates?

'Tis this; that the ſoul being forced to rejoice or be afflicted upon any occaſion, is perſuaded that what cauſes its pleaſure or

The greateſt and moſt terrible affliction of a ſoul given over to the paſſions of the body.

grief, is a real and true thing, though at the ſame time it is not; and ſuch is the nature of all ſenſible and viſible things that are capable to occaſion joy or grief.

That's certain, Socrates.

Are not theſe paſſions then the chief inſtruments particularly, that impriſon and mew up the ſoul within the body?

How's that, Socrates?

Every paſſion has a nail that faſtens the ſoul to the body.

Every pleaſure, every melancholy thought, being armed with a ſtrong and keen nail, nails the ſoul to the body with ſuch force, that it becomes material and corporeal, and fancies there are no real and true objects, but ſuch as the body accounts ſo: for as it entertains the ſame opinions, and purſues the ſame pleaſures with the body, ſo it is obliged to the ſame actions and habits. For which reaſon it cannot deſcend in purity to the lower world, but is daubed all over with the pollution of the body itſelf, and quickly re-enters another body, where it takes root as if it had been ſown, and puts a period to all commerce with the pure, ſimple, and divine eſſence.

That's very certain, Socrates.

Theſe are the motives that oblige the true philoſophers to make it their buſineſs to acquire temperance and fortitude, and not ſuch motives as the vulgar think of. Are not you of my opinion, Cebes?

Yes, ſure.

All true philoſophers will ſtill be of that mind. Their ſouls will never entertain ſuch a thought,

as if philoſophy ſhould diſengage it, to the end that when 'tis freed, it ſhould follow its pleaſures, and give way to its fears and ſorrows; that it ſhould put on its chains again, and always want to begin again, like Penelope's web. On the contrary, it continues in a perfect tranquillity and freedom from paſſion, and always follows reaſon for its guide, without departing from its meaſures; it inceſſantly contemplates what is true, divine, immutable, and above opinion, being nouriſhed by this pure truth: it is convinced that it ought to follow the ſame courſe of life while it is united to the body; and hopes that after death, being ſurrendered to that immortal being as its ſource, 'twill be freed from all the afflictions of the human nature. After ſuch a life, and upon ſuch principles, my dear Simmias and Cebes, what ſhould the ſoul be afraid of? Shall it fear, that upon its departure from the body, the winds will diſſipate it and run away with it, and that annihilation will be its fate?

The buſineſs of a true philoſopher during his lifetime.

Socrates having thus ſpoke, he ſtopt for a pretty while, ſeeming to be altogether intent upon what he had ſaid. Moſt of us were in the ſame condition; Cebes and Simmias had a ſhort conference together. At laſt Socrates perceiving their conference ‡ aſked them what they were ſpeaking of? Do you think, ſays he, that my arguments were lame? I think indeed there is room left for a

‡ Socrates deſires them to make objections, that his arguments might be confirmed.

great many doubts and objections, if any will take the pains to retail them out. If you are ſpeaking of any thing elſe, I have nothing to ſay. But though you have no doubts, pray, tell me freely, whether you think of any better demonſtration, and make me a companion in your enquiry, if you think I can aſſiſt you to compaſs your end.

I'll tell you, ſays Simmias, the naked truth. It is a pretty while ſince Cebes and I thought of ſome doubts; and being deſirous to have them reſolved, puſhed on one another to propoſe them to you. But we were both afraid to importune you, and propoſe diſagreeable queſtions in the unſeaſonable hour of your preſent misfortune.

O! my dear Simmias †, replies Socrates ſmiling, certainly I ſhould find great difficulty in perſuading other men that I find no misfortune in my preſent circumſtances, ſince I cannot get you to believe it *. You think that upon the ſcore of foreknowledge and divining, I am infinitely inferior to the ſwans. When they perceive approaching death, they ſing more merrily than before ‡, becauſe of the joy they have in going to the God they ſerve. But men, through the fear of death, reproach the ſwans, in ſaying that they lament

† Socrates is angry with his friends for reckoning his preſent condition an unfortunate one.

* He could not take a better method to ſhew that he reckoned no misfortune in death, than this of rallying upon the vulgar and Pythagorean religion.

‡ As if their fowls were admitted to the manſions of the bleſſed. Socrates ridicules that opinion We ſhall ſee afterwards, that they admitted beaſts to the land of the juſt; of which they had a very confuſed idea. But that is to another purpoſe.

their death, and tune their grief in ſorrowful notes. They forget to make this reflection, that no fowl ſings when 'tis hungry, or cold, or ſad; nay, not the nightingale, the ſwallow, or the lapwing, whoſe muſick they ſay is a true lamentation, and the effect of grief. But, after all, theſe fowls do not all ſing out of grief; and far leſs the ſwans, which by reaſon of their belonging to Apollo, are diviners, and ſing more joyfully on the day of their death than before, as foreſeeing the good that awaits them in the other world. And as for me, I think I ſerve Apollo as well as they: I am conſecrated to that God as well as they; I have received from our common maſter the art of divining as well as they, and I am as little concerned for making my exit as they are. So that you may freely propoſe what doubts you pleaſe, and put queſtions to me as long as the eleven magiſtrates ſuffer me to be here.

No fowls ſing out of grief.

You ſay well, Socrates, replies Simmias; ſince 'tis ſo, I'll propoſe my doubts firſt, and then Cebes ſhall give in his. I agree with you, that 'tis impoſſible, or at leaſt very difficult, to know the truth in this life; and that it is the property of a lazy and dull head, not to weigh exactly what he ſays, or to ſuperſede the examination before he has made all his efforts, and be obliged to give over by unſurmountable difficulties. For one of theſe two things muſt be done, we muſt either learn the truth from others, or find it out ourſelves. If both ways fail us, a-

Of all human reaſons, a wiſe man ſhould pick out the beſt, and moſt capable to conduct him ſafe in this ſtormy ſea.

midſt all human reaſons, we muſt pitch upon the ſtrongeſt and moſt forcible, and truſt to that as to a ſhip, while we paſs through this ſtormy ſea, and endeavour to avoid its tempeſts and ſhelves; till we find out one more firm and ſure, ſuch as ‡ a promiſe or revelation, upon which we may happily accompliſh the voyage of this life as in a veſſel that fears no danger. I ſhall therefore not be aſhamed to put the queſtions to you, now that you allow me; and ſhall avoid the reproach I might one day caſt upon myſelf, of not having told you my thoughts upon this occaſion. When I ſurvey what you ſpoke to me and to Cebes, I muſt own I do not think your proofs ſufficient.

The promiſe of God, is a veſſel that fears no danger.

Perhaps you have reaſon, my dear Simmias; but where does their inſufficiency appear?

In this; that the ſame things might be aſſerted of the harmony of a harp. For one may reaſonably ſay, that the harmony of a harp well ſtringed and well tuned, is inviſible, immaterial, excellent,

Simmias's firſt objection, that the ſoul is a ſort of harmony of the ſame date and ſtanding with the body.

‡ This is a very remarkable paſſage. Here the philoſophers acknowledge that we ſhould endeavour to make out the immortality of the ſoul by our own reaſon, and that as this reaſon is very weak and narrow, ſo it will always be aſſaulted by doubts and uncertainty: and that nothing but a divine promiſe or revelation can diſperſe the clouds of ignorance and infidelity. Now the Chriſtian religion is the only thing that furniſhes us, not only with divine promiſes and revelations, but likewiſe the accompliſhment of them by the reſurrection of Chriſt, *who became the firſt-fruits of them that ſlept*, 1 Cor xv 20. And thus according to the philoſophers themſelves, the church is the only veſſel that fears no dangers, in which we may happily accompliſh the voyage of this life.

and divine; and that the inſtrument and its ſtrings are the body, the compounded earthy and mortal matter. And if the inſtrument were cut in pieces, or its ſtrings broken, might not one with equal reaſon affirm, that this harmony remains after the breaking of the harp and has no end? For, ſince it is evident that the harp remains after the ſtrings are broken, or that the ſtrings, which are likewiſe mortal, continue after the harp is broken or diſmounted; it muſt needs be impoſſible, might one ſay, that this immortal and divine harmony ſhould periſh before that which is mortal and earthy; nay, it is neceſſary that this harmony ſhould continue to be without the leaſt damage, when the body of the harp and its ſtrings are gone to nothing. For, without doubt, Socrates, you are ſenſible that we hold the ſoul to be ſomething that reſembles a harmony; and that as our body is a being compoſed of hot and cold, dry and moiſt, ſo our ſoul is nothing elſe but the harmony reſulting from the juſt proportion of theſe mixed qualities. Now, if our ſoul is only a ſort of harmony, 'tis evident, that when our body is overſtretched, or unbended by diſeaſes, or any other diſorder, of neceſſity our ſoul with all its divinity muſt come to an end, as well as the other harmonies which conſiſt in ſounds, or are the effect of inſtruments; and that the remains of every body continue for a conſiderable time, till they be burnt or mouldered away. This, you ſee, Socrates, might be alledged in oppoſition to your arguments, that if the

That the ſoul is only a harmony reſulting from the juſt proportion of the four qualities.

ſoul be only a mixture of the qualities of our body, it periſhes firſt in what we call death.

Then Socrates looked upon us all, one after another, as he did often, and began to ſmile: Simmias ſpeaks with reaſon, ſays he, his queſtion is well put; and if any one of you has a greater dexterity in anſwering his objections than I have, why do you not do it? For he ſeems thoroughly to underſtand both my arguments, and the exceptions they are liable to. But before we anſwer him, 'tis proper to hear what Cebes has to object, that while he ſpeaks, we may have time to think upon what we are to ſay; and after we have heard them both, that we may yield if their reaſons are uniform and valid; and if otherwiſe, may ſtand by our principles to the utmoſt. Tell us then, Cebes, what is it that hinders you from agreeing with what I have laid down.

Cebes objects, that tho' the ſoul may be more laſting than the body, and may animate ſeveral bodies, yet that does not hinder it to be mortal.

I'll tell you, ſays Cebes; your demonſtration ſeems to be lame and imperfect; it is faulty upon the ſame head that we took notice of before. That the ſoul has a being before its entrance into the body, is admirably well ſaid; and I think, ſufficiently made out: but I can never be perſuaded that it has likewiſe an exiſtence after death. At the ſame time I cannot ſubſcribe to Simmias's allegation, that the ſoul is neither ſtronger nor more durable than the body: For to me it appears to be infinitely more excellent. But why then (ſays the objection) do you refuſe to believe it? Since you ſee with your eyes, that when

a man is dead, his weakeſt part remains ſtill, is it not therefore abſolutely neceſſary that the more durable part ſhould laſt yet longer? Pray, take notice if I anſwer this objection right. For to let you into my meaning, I muſt uſe reſemblance or compariſon, as well as Simmias. Your allegation, to my mind, is juſt the ſame, as if upon the death of an old taylor, one ſhould ſay, this taylor is not dead; he has a being ſtill ſomewhere or other: and for proof of that, here's the ſuit of clothes he wore, which he made for himſelf; ſo that he's ſtill in being. If any one ſhould not be convinced by this proof, he would not fail to aſk him, whether the man or the clothes he wears is moſt durable? To which, of neceſſity, he muſt anſwer that the man is: and upon this foot, your philoſopher would pretend to demonſtrate, that ſince the leſs durable poſſeſſion of the taylor is ſtill in being, by a ſtronger conſequence, he himſelf is ſo too. Now, my dear Simmias, the parallel is not juſt: pray hear what I have to anſwer to it.

'Tis evident at firſt view, that the objection is ridiculous. For the taylor, having uſed ſeveral ſuits of clothes, died after them, and only before the laſt ſuit, which he had not time to wear; and though the ſuit ſurvived the man, if I may ſo ſpeak, yet we cannot ſay the man is weaker, or leſs durable than the ſuit of clothes. This ſimile is near enough, for as the man is to this ſuit of clothes, ſo is the ſoul to the body: and whoever applies to the ſoul and body what is ſaid of the man and his ſuit of clothes, will ſpeak to the purpoſe. For he'll make the ſoul more durable, and

the body a weaker being, and leſs capable to hold out for a long time. He'll add, that every ſoul wears ſeveral bodies, eſpecially if it lives ſeveral years. For the body waſtes while the man is yet alive, and the ſoul ſtill forms to itſelf a new habit of body out of the former that decays; but when the laſt comes to die, it has then its laſt habit on, and dies, before its conſumption: and when the ſoul is dead, the body quickly betrays the weakneſs of its nature, ſince it corrupts and moulders away very ſpeedily. So that we cannot put ſuch confidence in your demonſtration, as to hold it for a ſtanding truth, that our ſouls continue in being after death. For ſuppoſing it were granted, that our ſoul has not only a being antecedent to our birth, but that, for any thing we know, the ſouls of ſome continue in being after death; and that 'tis very poſſible they may return again to the world, and be born again, ſo to ſpeak, ſeveral times, and die at laſt: for the ſtrength and advantage of the ſoul beyond the body, conſiſts in this, that it can undergo ſeveral births, and wear ſeveral bodies one after another, as a man does ſuits of clothes: ſuppoſing, I ſay, that all this were granted, ſtill it cannot be denied, but that in all thoſe repeated births, it decays and waſtes, and at laſt comes to an end in one of the deaths. However, 'tis impoſſible for any man to diſcern in which of the deaths 'tis totally ſunk. Since things ſtand thus, whoever does not fear death, mu[illegible] be ſenſeleſs; unleſs he can demonſtrate that the ſoul

The ſoul reanimates a dead and corrupt body.

is altogether immortal and incorruptible. For otherwiſe every dying man muſt of neceſſity be afraid for his ſoul, for fear the body it is quitting be its laſt body, and it periſhes without any hopes of return.

Thoſe who hold the ſoul to be mortal, ſtill fear its annihilation.

Having heard them propoſe theſe objections, we were very much troubled, as we afterwards told them, that at a time when we were juſt convinced by Socrates's arguments, they ſhould come to amuſe us with their objections, and throw us into a fit of unbelief and jealouſy, not only of all that had been ſaid to us by Socrates, but likewiſe of what he might ſay for the future; for we would always be apt to believe, that either we were not proper judges of the points in debate, or elſe that his propoſitions were in themſelves incredible.

Phedon reſumes the diſcourſe and addreſſes himſelf to Echecrates.

Echec Indeed, Phedon, I can eaſily pardon your trouble upon that account. For I myſelf, while I heard you relate the matter, was a ſaying to myſelf, what ſhall we believe hereafter, ſince Socrates's arguments, which ſeemed ſo valid and convincing, are become doubtful and uncertain? In effect that objection of Simmias's, that the ſoul is only a harmony, moves me wonderfully, and always did ſo. It awakes in me the memory of my being formerly of the ſame opinion. So that my belief is unhinged; and I want new proofs to convince me, that the ſoul does not die with the body. Wherefore, pr'ythee tell me, Phedon, in the name of God, how Socrates came off; whether he ſeemed to be as much nettled as

you; or, if he maintained his opinion with his wonted temper; and in fine, whether his demonſtration gave you full ſatisfaction, or ſeemed chargeable with imperfections? Pray tell me the whole ſtory, without omitting the minuteſt circumſtance.

Phed. I proteſt to you, Echecrates, I admired Socrates all my lifetime, and upon this occaſion admired him more than ever. That ſuch a man as he had his anſwers in a readineſs, is no great ſurprizal; but my greateſt admiration was, to ſee, in the firſt place, with what calmneſs, patience, and good humour he received the objections of theſe youngſters; and then how dexterouſly he perceived the impreſſion they had made upon us, and cured us of the ſame. He rallied us like men put to flight after a defeat, and inſpired us with a freſh ardour to turn our heads and renew the charge.

Socrates's temper, ſweetneſs and patience in diſputes.

Echec. How was that?

Phed. I am about to tell you. As I ſat at his right hand upon a little ſtool lower than his, he drew his hand over my head, and taking hold of my hair that hung down upon my ſhoulders, as he was wont to do for his diverſion; Phedon, ſays he, will not you cut this pretty hair to-morrow? 'Tis probable I ſhall, ſaid I. If you take my advice, ſaid he, you will not ſtay ſo long. How do you mean? ſaid I. Both you and I, continues he, ought to cut our hair, if our opinion be ſo far dead that we cannot raiſe it again. Were I in your place, and defeated, I would make a vow,

'Twas a cuſtom among the Greeks to cut off their hair at the death of their friends, and throw it into the tombs.

† as the men of Argos did, never to wear my hair before I conquered theſe arguments of Simmias and Cebes. But, ſaid I, Socrates, you have forgot the old proverb, that Hercules himſelf is not able to engage two. And why, ſays he, do you not call on me to aſſiſt you as your Iolas, while 'tis yet time? And accordingly I do call on you, ſaid I, not as Hercules did Iolas, but as Iolas did Hercules. 'Tis no matter for that, ſays he, 'tis all one. Above all, let us be cautious to avoid one great fault. What fault, ſaid I? That, ſaid he, of being reaſon-haters; for ſuch there are, as well as men-haters. The former is the greateſt evil in the world, and ariſes from the ſame ſource with the hatred of man. For the latter comes from one man's plighting his faith for another man, without any precaution or enquiry, whom he always took for a true-hearted, ſolid, and truſty man, but finds him at laſt to be a falſe faithleſs cheat: and thus being cheated in ſeveral ſuch inſtances, by thoſe whom he looked on as his beſt friends, and at laſt weary of being ſo often nooſed, he equally hates all men, and is

The belief of the immortality of the ſoul is ſo good a friend that we ought to cut off our hair when it dies.

As Hercules called Iolas to aſſiſt him to conquer the hydra, i. e. While I am yet alive.

To hate reaſon is the greateſt of evils, which is often occaſioned by diſputes.

As man-hating grows inſenſibly, ſo does reaſon-hating.

† The Argives being routed by the Spartans, with whom they waged war for ſeizing the city of Thyre, cut their hair, and ſwore ſolemnly never to ſuffer it to grow, till they had retaken the town that belonged to them; which happened in the 57th Olympiad, when Crœſus was beſieged at Sardis. Herodot. lib. 1.

convinced there is not one that is not wicked and perfidious. Are not you ſenſible, that this man-hating is formed at this rate by degrees? Yes ſure, ſaid I. Is it not a great ſcandal then, continued he, and a ſuperlative crime, to converſe with men, without being acquainted with the art of trying them and knowing them? For if one were acquainted with this art, he would ſee how things ſtand, and would find that the good and the wicked are very rare, but thoſe in the middle region ſwarm in infinite numbers.

He who would converſe ſafely with men, ought to be acquainted with the art of knowing them.

How do you ſay, Socrates.

I ſay, Phedon, the caſe of the good and bad is much the ſame with that of very large or very little men. Do not you ſee that there's nothing more uncommon than a very big or a very little man? The caſe is the ſame with reference to dogs, horſes, and all other things; and may likewiſe be applied to ſwiftneſs and ſlowneſs, handſomeneſs and deformity, whiteneſs and blackneſs. Are not you convinced, that in all theſe matters the two extremes are very uncommon, and the medium is very common?

The extremes of all things are uncommon, and the medium is very common.

I perceive it very plain, Socrates.

If a match were propoſed for wickedneſs, would not there be very few that could pretend to the firſt rank?

Few men arrive at the laſt pitch of wickedneſs.

That's very likely, Socrates.

'Tis certainly ſo, replies he. But upon this ſcore, the caſe of reaſon and men is not exactly the ſame. I'll follow you ſtep by ſtep. The only reſemblance of the two lies in this, that when a man unſkilled in the art of examination, entertains a reaſon as true, and afterwards finds it to be falſe, whether it be ſo in itſelf or not; and when the ſame thing happens to him often, as indeed it does to thoſe who amuſe themſelves in diſputing with the ſophiſters that contradict every thing: he at laſt believes himſelf to be extraordinary well ſkilled, and fancies he's the only man that has perceived there's nothing true or certain, either in things or reaſons; but that all is like Eurypus, in a continual flux and reflux, and that nothing continues ſo much as one minute in the ſame ſtate.

The progreſs of reaſon-hating.

Thoſe who fancy that Socrates and Plato taught no poſitive truths, but reckoned every thing uncertain, may undeceive themſelves by reading this paſſage.

That is the pure truth, Socrates.

Is it not then a very deplorable misfortune, my dear Phedon, that while there are true, certain, and very comprehenſive reaſons, there ſhould be men found, who after they have ſuffered them to paſs, call them again in queſtion, upon hearing theſe frivolous diſputes, where ſometimes truth and falſehood comes uppermoſt; and inſtead of charging themſelves without theſe doubts, or blaming their want of art, caſt the blame at laſt upon the reaſons themſelves; and being of a ſour temper, paſs their life in hating

There are ſome true, certain, and very comprehenſive reaſons.

The fate of thoſe who are wont to diſpute with croſs and contradictory men.

and calumniating all reaſon, and by that means rob themſelves both of truth and knowledge.

That's certainly a moſt deplorable thing, ſaid I.

We ought to be very cautious, continues he, that this misfortune be not our lot; and that we are not prepoſſeſſed by this thought, that there's nothing ſolid or true in all arguments whatſoever. We ſhould rather be perſuaded, that 'tis ourſelves who are wanting in ſolidity and truth; and uſe our utmoſt efforts to recover that ſolidity and juſtneſs of thought. This is a duty incumbent upon you, who have time yet to live; and likewiſe upon me who am about to die: and I am much afraid, that upon this occaſion I have been ſo far from acting the part of a true philoſopher, that I have behaved myſelf like a diſputant overborne with prejudice; as all thoſe ignorants do, who in their diſputes do not mind the preception of the truth, but mean only to draw their hearers over to their opinions. The only difference between them and me, is, that convincing my audience of the truth of what I advance is not my only aim: Indeed, I ſhall be infinitely glad if that come to paſs; but my chief ſcope is to perſuade myſelf of the truth of theſe things; for I argue thus, my dear Phedon, and you'll find that this way of arguing is highly uſeful. If ‡ my propoſitions prove true, it

For the belief of the immortality of the ſoul is uſeful both for living and for dying well.

The character of an ignorant and bigotted diſputant.

‡ If theſe are true, I am a great gainer with little trouble, if falſe,

is well done to believe them; and if after my death they be found falſe, I ſtill reap that advantage in this life, that I have been leſs affected by evils which commonly accompany it. But I ſhall not remain long under this ignorance. If I were, I ſhould reckon it a great misfortune: but by good luck, it will quickly be diſpelled. Being fortified by theſe thoughts, my dear Simmias and Cebes, I make account to anſwer your objections; and if you take my advice, you'll rely leſs upon the authority of Socrates, than that of the truth. If what I am about to advance appear true, embrace it; if otherwiſe, attack it with all your force. Thus I ſhall neither deceive myſelf, nor impoſe upon you by the influence of zeal and good will, or quit you like a waſp that leaves its ſting in the wound it has made.

The advantages redounding from the belief of the immortality of the ſoul, ſuppoſing it to be falſe.

To begin then, pray ſee if I remember right what was objected. Simmias, as I take it, rejects our belief, only becauſe he fears our ſouls, notwithſtanding their being divine and more excellent, will die before our bodies, as being only a ſort of harmony. And, Cebes, if I miſtake not, granted

A ſhort recapitulation of the two objections.

I loſe nothing: on the contrary, I have gained a great deal; for beſides the hope that ſupported me through my afflictions, infirmities, and weakneſſes, I have been faithful, honeſt, humble, thankful, charitable, ſincere and true, and have only quitted falſe and contagious pleaſures in exchange for real and ſolid ones. Mr. Paſchal, in his Art. 7. has enlarged upon this truth, and backed it with a demonſtration of infinite force.

that the ſoul is more durable than the body, but thinks it poſſible that the ſoul, after having uſed ſeveral bodies, may die at laſt when it quits the laſt body, and that this death of the ſoul is a true death. Are not theſe the two points I am to examine, my dear Simmias and Cebes?

When they had all agreed that the objections were juſtly ſummed up, he continued thus: do you abſolutely reject all that I have ſaid, or do you acknowledge part of it to be true? They anſwered, that they did not reject the whole. But what, ſays he, is your opinion of what I told you? viz. that learning is only remembrance, and that by a neceſſary conſequence the ſoul muſt have an exiſtence before its conjunction with the body.

As for me, replies Cebes, I perceived the evidence of it at firſt view; and do not know any principles of more certainty and truth. I am of the ſame mind, ſays Simmias, and ſhould think it very ſtrange, if ever I changed my opinion.

Socrates makes out the abſurdity of Simmias's objection by his own thoughts.

But, my dear Theban, continues Socrates, you muſt needs change it, if you retain your opinion that harmony is compounded, and that the ſoul is a ſort of harmony, ariſing from the due union of the qualities of the body: for 'tis preſumed you would not believe yourſelf, if you ſaid that harmony has a being before thoſe things of which it is compoſed.

Harmony cannot exiſt before the inſtrument that gives it.

Sure enough, replies Simmias, I would not believe myſelf if I did.

Do not you ſee then, continues Socrates, that you are not of a piece with yourſelf, when you ſay the ſoul had a being before it came to animate the body, and at the ſame time, that it is compounded of things that had not then an exiſtence? Do not you compare the ſoul to a harmony? And is it not evident that the harp, the ſtrings, and the very diſcordant ſounds exiſt before the harmony, which is an effect that reſults from all theſe things, and periſhes ſooner than they? Does this latter part of your diſcourſe ſuit with the firſt?

For there's diſcord in the ſounds, before concord; and ſo they are antecedent to the harmony.

Not at all, replies Simmias.

And yet, continues Socrates, if ever a diſcourſe be all of a piece, it ought to be ſuch when harmony is its ſubject.

That's right, ſays Simmias.

But yours is not ſo, continues Socrates. Let's hear then which of theſe two opinions you ſide with: whether is learning only remembrance, or is the ſoul a ſort of harmony?

I ſide with the firſt, replies Simmias.

† And that opinion I have explained to you,

† Marſilius Ficinus and De Serres have ſtrangely miſunderſtood this paſſage, not only in making Simmias ſpeak all this; but what is more conſiderable, in putting a favourable conſtruction on theſe words, μετα εικοτος; τινος και ευπρεπειας which the one renders, *veriſimilis tantum venuſtique exempli indicatione:* and the other *ex veriſimili quadam convenientia;* and in ſeparating the words ανευ αποδειξεως, whereas they are joined; for Socrates ſays, I made this diſcourſe without having recourſe to demonſtrations, crammed with ſimilies and colours, that take ſo much with the people. In effect, So-

Comparisons and similies are commonly fallacious.

without having any recourse to demonstrations full of similies and examples, which are rather colours of the truth, and therefore please the people best; but as for me, I am of opinion, that all discourses proving their point by similies, are full of vanity, and apt to seduce and deceive, unless one be very cautious, whether it relate to geometry, or any other science: whereas the discourse I made for proving that knowledge is remembrance, is grounded upon a very creditable hypothesis; for I told you that the soul exists as well as its essence before it comes to animate the body. By essence I mean the principle from which it derives its being, which has no other name, but *that which is*. And this proof I take to be good and sufficient.

By that reason, says Simmias, I must not listen either to myself or others, who assert the soul to be a sort of harmony.

Harmony depends upon the ingredients in its compositions; but the soul does not.

In earnest, Simmias, replies Socrates, do you think that a harmony, or any other composure, can be any thing different from the parts of which it is compounded?

By no means, Socrates.

crates did not so much as make use of one comparison in making good the opinion of remembrance; whereas Simmias has brought in the comparison of a harp to prove that the soul is a harmony. Now there's nothing misleads the ignorant more than similitudes, for the imagination is so seduced by the representation, that it blindly embraces all that presents itself to it. And by that means this opinion of Simmias did always meet with a favourable reception, and does to this day among the ignorant. This is a very important passage, and deserved a large explication.

Or, can it do or ſuffer what thoſe parts do not? Simmias anſwered, it could not.

Then, ſays Socrates, a harmony does not precede, but follow the things it is compoſed of: and it cannot have ſounds and motions, or any thing elſe contrary to its parts.

Harmony is never contrary to its parts, but the ſoul is to the body.

No, ſure, replies Simmias. But what, continues Socrates, is not all harmony only ſuch in proportion to the concord of its parts?

I do not well underſtand you, ſays Simmias.

I mean according as the parts have more or leſs of concord, the harmony is more or leſs a harmony; is it not?

Yes, ſure.

Can we ſay of the ſoul, at the ſame rate, that a ſmall difference makes a ſoul to be more or leſs a ſoul?

The ſoul, as ſuch, is not capable of receiving leſs or more.

No, ſure, Socrates.

How is it then, in the name of God? Do not we ſay, for example, that ſuch a ſoul endowed with underſtanding and virtue, is good: and another filled with folly and miſchief, is wicked? Is not this right?

Yes, ſure, quoth Simmias.

But thoſe who hold the ſoul to be a harmony, what will they call theſe qualities of the ſoul, that vice, and that virtue? Will they ſay, the one's harmony, and the other diſcord? That a virtuous and good ſoul, being harmony in its nature, is entitled to another harmony: and that a vicious wicked ſoul wants that additional harmony?

I cannot be poſitive, replies Simmias; but in-

deed 'tis very probable the patrons of that opinion may advance ſome ſuch thing.

But we concluded, that one ſoul is not more or leſs a ſoul than another; that is, that it is not more or leſs a harmony, than another harmony.

I own it, ſays Simmias.

And ſince it is not more or leſs a harmony, then it has not more or leſs concord. Is it not ſo?

Yes, ſure, Socrates.

And ſince it has not more or leſs of concord, can one have more harmony than another, or muſt the harmony of them all be equal?

Queſtionleſs it muſt be equal.

All ſouls would be equal, which is an abſurdity.

Since one ſoul cannot be more or leſs a ſoul than another, by the ſame reaſon, it cannot have more or leſs of concord.

That's true.

Then it follows neceſſarily, that one ſoul cannot have either more harmony or diſcord than another?

I agree to it.

And by conſequence, ſince the ſoul is of that nature, it cannot have more virtue or vice than another; if ſo be that vice is diſcord, and virtue harmony?

That's a ſtanding truth, ſays Simmias.

If the ſoul were a harmony, there would be no ſuch thing as a vicious ſoul.

Or, would not right reaſon rather ſay that vice could find no place in the ſoul, if ſo be the ſoul is harmony; for harmony, continuing in its perfect nature, is not capable of diſcord.

There's no queſtion of that.

In like manner the ſoul, while perfectly a ſoul, is not capable of vice.

According to the principles we agreed upon, I cannot ſee how it ſhould.

From the ſame very principles it will follow, that the ſouls of all animals are equally good, ſince they are equally ſouls.

That ſouls of brutes would be of the ſame nature with thoſe of men.

So I think, ſays Simmias.

But do you think that it ſtands with right reaſon, if the hypotheſis of the ſoul's being a harmony be true?

No, ſure, Socrates.

Then I aſk you, Simmias, if of all the parts of a man, the ſoul is not beſt entitled to command, eſpecially when ſhe is prudent and wiſe?

In man the ſoul commands the body, whereas in muſick the body commands the harmony.

There's no other part can pretend to it.

Does it command by giving way to the paſſions of the body, or by reſiſting them? As for example, when the body is ſeized with thirſt in the cold fit of a fever, does not the ſoul reſtrain it from drinking? Or when 'tis hungry, does it not reſtrain it from eating? As well as in a thouſand other inſtances; which manifeſtly ſhew that the ſoul curbs the paſſions of the body. Is it not ſo?

Without queſtion.

But we agreed above, that the ſoul being a ſort of harmony, can never ſound contrary to the ſound of thoſe things which raiſe, or lower, or move it; nor have o-

The ſoul thwarts the paſſions of the body which it could not do if it were a harmony.

ther paſſions different from thoſe of its parts; and that it is neceſſarily obliged to follow them, as being uncapable to guide them.

'Tis certain we agreed upon that, ſays Simmias; how could we avoid it?

But, ſays Socrates, is it not evident that the conduct of the ſoul is the downright contrary? That it governs and rules thoſe very things which are alledged for ingredients in its compoſition; that it thwarts and attacks them almoſt all its lifetime; that it is every way their miſtreſs, puniſhing and repreſſing ſome by the harder meaſures of pain, ſchool-exerciſes, and phyſick; and treating others more gently, as contenting itſelf with threatening or inſulting over its luſts, paſſion, and fear. In a word, we ſee the ſoul ſpeaks to the body, as ſomething of a different nature from itſelf; which Homer was ſenſible of, when in his Odyſſies, he tells, that "Ulyſſes ‡ beating his "breaſt, rebuked his heart, and ſaid to it, Sup-"port thyſelf, thou haſt ſtood out againſt harder "and more difficult things than theſe."

Do you think the poet ſpoke that under the apprehenſions of the ſoul's being a harmony to be managed and conducted by the body? Or, do you not rather believe that he knew it was the ſoul's part to command, and that it is of a nature more divine than harmony?

Yes, Socrates; I ſwear I am perſuaded Homer knew that truth.

‡ Homer knew that the nature of the ſoul is different from that of the body, in the beginning of the 19th book of his Odyſſ.

And, by conſequence, my dear Simmias, continues Socrates, there is not the leaſt colour of reaſon for the ſoul's being a harmony; ſhould we aſſert it to be ſuch we ſhould contradict both Homer, that divine poet, and likewiſe ourſelves. Simmias yielded; and Socrates proceeded thus.

I think we have ſufficiently tempered and moderated this * Theban harmony, ſo that it will do us no harm. But † Cebes, how ſhall we do to appeaſe and diſarm this ‡ Cadmus? How ſhall we hit on a diſcourſe duly qualified with a perſuaſive force?

If you'll be at the pains, Socrates, you can eaſily find ſuch a diſcourſe. The laſt you had againſt the harmony of the ſoul, moved me mightily, and indeed beyond my expectation: for when Simmias propoſed his doubts, I thought nothing ſhort of a prodigy or miracle could ſolve them: and I was mightily ſurprized when I ſaw he could not ſtand the firſt attack. So that now it will be no ſurpriſal to me to ſee Cadmus undergo the ſame fate.

My dear Cebes, replies Socrates, do not you ſpeak too big upon the matter, leſt envy ſhould

* He calls Simmias's opinion a Theban Harmony, alluding to the fable of Amphion, who by the harmony of his harp built the walls of Thebes. In like manner, Simmias with his pretended harmony reared up the human body.

† Why Cebes was called Cadmus, ſee Rem.

‡ He calls Cebes another Cadmus, becauſe as Cadmus by ſowing the teeth of the dragon he had killed, fetched out of the boſom of the earth a race of fierce men that lived but one minute; ſo Cebes by the opinion of the mortality of the ſoul, a thing more poiſonous than the teeth of a dragon, made all men earthly and beaſtly, and left them but a very ſhort life.

overturn all I have ſaid, and render it uſeleſs and ineffectual. But that's in the hands of God. As for us, let us approach one another, as Homer ſays, and try our ſtrength and arms. What you want comes all to this point: You would have the immortality and incorruptibility of the ſoul demonſtrated, to the end that a philoſopher who dies bravely in the hopes of being infinitely more happy in the other world than in this, may not hope in vain. You ſay, the ſoul's being a durable and divine ſubſtance, exiſting before it joining the body, does not conclude its immortality; and the only inference that it will bear, is, that it laſts a great while longer, and was in being many ages before us, during which it knew and did ſeveral things, but without immortality; for on the contrary, the firſt minute of its deſcent into the body, is the commencement of its death, or, as it were, a diſeaſe to it: for it paſſes this life in anguiſh and trouble, and at laſt is quite ſwallowed up and annihilated by what we call death. You add that 'tis the ſame thing, whether it animates a body only once, or returns to it ſeveral times, ſince that does not alter the occaſion of our fears, foraſmuch as all wiſe men ought ſtill to fear death, while they are uncertain of the immortality of their ſouls. This, I take it, is the ſum of what you ſaid; and I repeat it ſo often, on purpoſe that nothing may eſcape my view, and that you may have the opportunity of adding or impairing as you pleaſe.

Thoſe who believe the mortality of the ſoul, ought to fear death. Its annihilation is a ſufficient cauſe of fear to all wiſe men.

At preſent, ſays Cebes, I have nothing to alter; that is the juſt ſum of all I have yet ſaid.

Socrates was ſilent a pretty while, as being drowned in profound meditation. At laſt, Cebes, ſays he, 'tis truly not a ſmall matter that you demand: for in order to a juſt ſatisfaction, there's a neceſſity of making a narrow enquiry into the cauſe of generation and corruption. If you pleaſe, I'll tell you what happened to me upon this very matter; and if what I ſay ſeem uſeful to you, you ſhall be at liberty to make uſe of it to ſupport your ſentiments.

With all my heart, ſays Simmias.

Pray give ear then, ſays Socrates: In my youth, I had an inſatiable deſire to learn that ſcience which is called natural hiſtory; for I thought it was ſomething great and divine to know the cauſes of every thing, of their generation, death, and exiſtence. And I ſpared no pains, nor omitted any means, for trying in the firſt place, if ‡ a certain corruption of hot and cold, will, as ſome pretend, give being and nouriſhment to animals; if the blood makes the thought; if air or fire, or the brain alone is the cauſe of our ſenſes of ſeeing, hearing, ſmelling, &c. if memory and opinion take their riſe from theſe ſenſes, and if knowledge be the reſult of memory and opinion. Then I wanted to know the cauſes of their corruption, and ex-

Socrates in his youth was a great lover of phyſicks.

‡ Socrates ſaid he was ignorant of all theſe things, becauſe he knew nothing but ſecond cauſes. Now to know them juſtly, one ought to know God, and the virtue he diſplays in nature.

tended my curioſity both to the heavens and the cavities of the earth, and would fain have known the cauſe of all the phenomena we meet with. At laſt, after a great deal of trouble, I found myſelf ſtrangely unqualified for ſuch inquiries; and of this I am about to give you a ſenſible proof †.

A ſtrange effect of the ſtudy of phyſicks: It blinds inſtead of improving the underſtanding.

This fine ſtudy made me ſo blind in the things I knew more evidently before, according to my own and other perſons thoughts, that I quite forgot all that I had known upon ſeveral ſubjects, particularly that of a man's growth. I thought 'twas evident to the whole world, that a man grows only by eating and drinking: for fleſh being added to fleſh, bones to bones, and all the other parts joined to their ſimilar parts by nouriſhment, make a ſmall bulk to ſwell and grow, ſo that a little man becomes a large. This was my thought, do you think 'twas juſt?

Yes, ſure, replies Cebes.

Mind what follows, ſays Socrates. I thought likewiſe that I knew the reaſon why one man is taller than another by the head, and one horſe

† Its utmoſt reach amounts to no more than an imperfect knowledge of ſecond cauſes. Now theſe ſecond cauſes do not lead us into the konwledge ot the eſſence of things A man is ſo far from improving his knowledge by them, that he muſt needs own his ignorance of the things he pretended to know. All philoſophers at this day know, that nouriſhment by the means of heat is the cauſe of the growth of any animal. But they are all at a loſs to know by what virtue it grows, or ceaſes to grow, and what are the limits of its growth. What misfortune is it for a man to plod all his lifetime for the knowing of nothing!

higher than another: and with reference to plainer and more ſenſible things, I thought, for inſtance, that ten was more than eight, becauſe two was added to it; and that two cubits were larger than one, becauſe they contained one half more.

And what are your preſent thoughts of thoſe things? ſays Cebes.

‡ I am ſo far, replies Socrates, from thinking that I know the cauſe of all theſe things, that when one is added to one, I do not believe I can tell whether it is that very § one to which the other is added that becomes two, or whether the one added, and the one to which the addition was made, make two together? For in their ſeparate ſtate, each of them was one, and not two; and after their being placed one by the other, they became two. Neither can I tell how, upon the diviſion of any thing, what was formerly one becomes two, from the very minute of diviſion; for that cauſe is quite contrary to that which makes one and one become two. There, this one and this one become two by reaſon of their being placed near, and added the one to the other; but here this one thing becomes two by reaſon of its diviſion and ſeparation. Far leſs do I pretend to know whence this one thing comes, and by this method, (i. e. by phyſical reaſons) I cannot find how the leaſt thing takes riſe or periſhes, or how it exiſts. But without ſo much ceremo-

‡ He afterwards gives the reaſon of theſe doubts.

§ Phyſicks were ſadly miſmanaged, when they could not ſhew how or why one and one made two.

ny *, I mix another method of my own with this, for by this I can learn nothing: having one day heard ſomebody reading a book of † Anaxagoras's, who ſaid the divine intellect was the cauſe of all beings, and drew them up in their proper ranks and claſſes, I was raviſhed with joy. I perceived there was nothing more certain than this principle, That the intellect is the cauſe of all beings. For I juſtly thought that this intellect having methodized all things and ranked them in their claſſes ‡, planting every thing in the place and condition that was beſt and moſt uſeful for it, in which it could beſt do and ſuffer whatever the intellect had allotted to it; and I apprehended that the reſult of this principle was, that the only thing a man ought to look for, either for himſelf or others, is this better and more uſeful thing; for having once

* He means, that he had recourſe to the firſt cauſe, for explaining any point in phyſicks. A noble beginning for Anaxagoras.

† Anaxagoras was the firſt that ſaid the intellect or ſpirit of God, ranked the parts of matter, and put them in motion. And 'twas that principle that uſhered in his phyſicks. This fair exordium gave Socrates occaſion to think that he would explain all the ſecrets of nature by unfolding the divine virtue diſplayed upon it, and aſſigning the reaſons why every thing was ſo and ſo. But that philoſopher did not keep up to his firſt principle; for he waved the firſt cauſe, and inſiſted on ſecond cauſes, and by ſo doing fruſtrated the expectation of his readers.

‡ Here Socrates recalls us to the firſt truth, that God created all things good, and in their beſt ſtate; according to Moſes, who ſays, God ſaw all things that he had made, and behold they were very good. Now, in order to know why things are thus good, we muſt enquire into the nature of this original goodneſs, and ſurvey the ſtate we were created in. What a ſorry thing is phyſicks then, that knows nothing but ſecond cauſes, or rather, that does not certainly know theſe ſecond cauſes?

found what is beſt and moſt-uſeful, he'll neceſſarily know what is worſt, ſince there is but one knowledge both for the one and the other.

Upon this ſcore I was infinitely glad that I had found ſuch a maſter as Anaxagoras, who I hoped would give a ſatisfactory account of the cauſe of all things; and would not only tell me, for inſtance, that the earth is broad or round, but likewiſe aſſign the neceſſary cauſe, obliging it to be ſo: who would point out to me what is beſt, and at the ſame time give me to underſtand why it was ſo. In like manner, if he affirmed the ſeat of the earth to be in the center of the world, I expected he would give me a reaſon why it was ſo: and after I ſhould have received ſufficient inſtruction from him, deſigned never to admit of any other cauſe for a principle.

What a true natural philoſopher ought to teach.

I prepared ſome queſtion to be put to him concerning the ſun, moon, and the ſtars, in order to know the reaſons of their revolutions, motions, and other accidents, and why what each of them does is always the beſt: for I could not imagine, that after he had told me, that the intellect ranked them, and drew them up in order, he could give me no other reaſon of that order than this, That it was beſt. And I flattered myſelf with hopes, that after he had aſſigned both the general and particular cauſes, he would give me to know, wherein the particular good of every individual thing, as well as the common good of all things

Indeed that knowledge would be more precious than all treaſures; but it is not attainable in this life.

conſiſts. I would not have parted with theſe hopes for all the treaſures of the world.

So I bought his books with a great deal of impatience, and made it my buſineſs to peruſe them as ſoon as poſſibly I could, in order to a ſpeedy knowledge of the good and evil of all things; but I found myſelf fruſtrated of my mighty hopes: for as ſoon as I had made a ſmall progreſs in the peruſal, I found the author made no uſe of this intellect, and aſſigned no reaſon of that fine order and diſpoſition; but aſſigned, as cauſes, the air, whirlwinds, the waters, and other things equally abſurd.

Socrates ridicules the phyſicks that inſiſt only on ſecond cauſes.

His whole performance ſeemed to reach no farther, than if a man ſhould ſay, that Socrates does all by the intellect; and after that, meaning to give a reaſon for my actions, ſhould ſay, for inſtance, to-day I am ſet upon my bed, becauſe my body is compoſed of bones and nerves: the bones being hard and ſolid, are ſeparated by the joints; and the nerves being capable to bend and unbend themſelves, tie the bones to the fleſh and the ſkin, which receives and includes both the one and the other; that the bones being diſengaged at the joints, the nerves which bend and unbend, enable me to fold my legs as you ſee; and that forſooth is the reaſon that I ſit in this poſture. Or if a man pretending to aſſign the cauſe of my preſent conference with you, ſhould inſiſt only upon the ſecond cauſes, the voice, the air, hearing, and ſuch other things, and ſhould take no

Under the notion of nerves he comprehends muſcles.

notice of the true cauſe, viz. that the Athenians thought it fit to condemn me, and that by the ſame reaſon I thought it fitteſt for me to be here, and patiently wait the execution of my ſentence; for I can ſafely ſwear §, that theſe nerves and theſe bones ſhould long ere now have been tranſlated to Megaræ, or Bœotia, if that had been fitter for me, and if I had not been perſuaded that it was better and fitter for me to endure the puniſhment I am doomed to by my country, than to flee like a ſlave or a baniſhed perſon. As I take it, 'tis highly ridiculous to aſſign ſuch cauſes upon ſuch an occaſion, and to reſt ſatisfied in them.

If it be replied, that without bones and nerves, and ſuch other things, I could not do what I mean to do; the allegation is true. But it ſavours of the greateſt abſurdity, to fancy that theſe bones or nerves ſhould be the cauſe of my actions, rather than the choice of what is beſt; and that my intellect is employed on that ſcore: for that were to ſink the difference between the cauſe and the thing, without which the cauſe could not be ſuch. And yet the vulgar people, who take things by hearſay, and ſee by other people's eyes, as if they walked in thick darkneſs, take the true cauſe of

The utmoſt reach of phyſicks. Here they are at a ſtand.

§ In the Greek it runs, For I ſwear by the dog. Lactantius checks him for this oath. But St. Auguſtine in Lib. IV of the true religion, juſtifies him; as if Socrates meant to give the Athenians to know, that even a dog, being the workmanſhip of God, deſerved more honour than all the idols they ſwore by. It may likewiſe be alledged, that Socrates ſwore by a dog, a gooſe, &c. in order to accuſtom men to forbear taking the name of God ſo often in vain.

things to be of that nature. Purſuant to this notion †, ſome ſurround the earth with a vortex that turns eternally round, and ſuppoſe it to be fixed in the center of the univerſe; others conceive it to be a broad and large trough, which has the air for its baſe and foundation. And as for the power of him who ranked and diſpoſed of every thing to its beſt advantage, that is not in their view, and they don't believe that he's intitled to any divine virtue. They fancy they know of a ſtronger and more immortal * Atlas, more capable to ſupport all things. And this good and immortal tye that is only capable to unite and comprehend all things, they take for a chimera.

I am of their mind, but would willingly liſt myſelf a diſciple to any that could tell me this cauſe, let it be what it will. But ſince I could not compaſs the knowledge of it, neither by myſelf nor others, if you pleaſe I'll give you an account of a ſecond trial I made in order to find it.

I am very deſirous to hear it, ſays Cebes.

After I had wearied myſelf in examining all things, I thought it my duty to be cautious of avoiding what happens to thoſe who contemplate an eclipſe of the ſun; for they loſe the ſight of it, unleſs they be careful to view its reflexion in water or any other medium. A thought much like to that came into my head, and I feared I ſhould loſe the eyes of my ſoul, if I viewed objects with

By contemplating objects with the eyes of the body, we loſe the eyes of the mind.

† This was the opinion of Anaximenes, Anaxagoras, and Democritus.

* This Atlas is their own judgment over-run with obſcurity and weakneſs.

the eyes of my body, or employed any of my ſenſes in endeavouring to know them. I thought I ſhould have recourſe to reaſon, and contemplate the truth of all things as reflected from it. 'Tis poſſible the ſimily I uſe in explaining myſelf is not very juſt ‡: for I myſelf cannot affirm, that he who beholds things in the glaſs of reaſon, ſees them more by reflection and ſimilitude, than he who beholds them in their operations. However, the way I followed was this; from that time forward I grounded all upon the reaſon that ſeemed to be beſt, and took all for truth that I found conformable to it, whether in things or cauſes. And what was not conformable, I rejected, as being falſe. I'll explain my meaning more diſtinctly; for I fancy you do not yet underſtand me.

They ought to be looked upon thro' a medium, and that medium is reaſon.

I'll ſwear, ſays Cebes, I do not well underſtand you.

But after all, ſays Socrates, I advance no new thing. This is no more than what I have ſaid a thouſand times, and particularly in the foregoing diſpute: for all that I aim at, is to demonſtrate what ſort of cauſe this is that I ſought after ſo carefully. I begin with his qualities, which are ſo much talked of, and which I take for the foundation. I ſay then there is ſomething that

‡ He juſtly checks himſelf; for reaſons are not like other mediums; they give us to know the eſſence of things in ſome meaſure, which the operations do not.

The immaterial and eternal qualities have a neceſſary relation to the immortality of the ſoul, ſuch as a cauſe has to its effect.

is good, fine, juſt and great, of itſelf. If you grant me this principle, I hope by it to demonſtrate the cauſe, and make out the immortality of the ſoul.

I grant it, ſays Cebes; you cannot be too quick in perfecting your demonſtration.

Mind what follows, and ſee if you agree to it as I take it: If there is any thing fine, beſides fineneſs itſelf, it muſt be ſuch by partaking of that firſt good: and ſo of all the other qualities. Are you of this opinion?

I am.

This is an irony.

I proteſt, continues Socrates, I cannot well underſtand all the other learned cauſes that are commonly given us. But if any man aſk me what makes a thing fine, whether the livelineſs of its colours, or the juſt proportion of its parts, and the like; I wave all theſe plauſible reaſons, which ſerve only to confound me; and without ceremony or art, make anſwer, and perhaps too ſimply, that its fineneſs is only owing to the preſence, or approach, or communication of the original fine being, whatever be the way of that communication: For I am not yet certain in what manner it is; I only know certainly, that all theſe fine things are rendered ſuch by the preſence of this fine being. While I ſtand by this principle, I reckon I cannot be deceived; and I am

Nothing is fine but what communicates of the firſt fine being, *i. e.* according to the proportion of its conformity to the idea and deſign of God, the firſt cauſe of all things.

perſuaded, that I may ſafely make anſwer to all queſtions whatſoever, that all fine things owe their fineneſs to the preſence of the abovementioned being. Are not you of the ſame mind?

Yes, ſure, Socrates.

Are not great and ſmall things rendered ſuch in like manner? If one told you, that ſuch a thing is larger than another by the head †; would not you think the expreſſion far from being exact? and would not you make anſwer, that whatever is larger, is rendered ſuch by magnitude itſelf; and what is ſmaller owes its littleneſs to littleneſs itſelf? For if you ſaid, that ſuch a thing is greater or ſmaller than another by the head, I fancy you would fear being cenſured for making both the greater and leſſer thing to be ſuch by the ſame cauſe; and beſides, for uſing ſuch an expreſſion as ſeems to imply, that the head, which is a ſmall part, makes the largeneſs of the greater, which in effect is a monſter: for what can be more abſurd than to ſay that a ſmall matter makes a thing large? Would not you fear ſuch objections?

Yes, ſure, replies Cebes, ſmiling.

By the ſame reaſon, would not you be afraid to ſay, that ten is more than eight, and ſurpaſſes it by two? and would not you rather ſay, that ten are more than eight by quantity? In like manner, of two cubits, would not you ſay, they are larger

† Socrates does not condemn the received expreſſions, but means to ſhew, that they do not reach the nature and eſſence of things: and being always tied to matter, cannot bear up to the true eſſence that does all.

than one by magnitude, rather than by the half? For ſtill there's the ſame occaſion of fear.

You ſay well.

But when one is added to one, or a thing divided into halves, would not you avoid ſaying, that in the former caſe addition makes one and one two; and in the latter, diviſion makes one thing become two? And would not you proteſt, that you know no other cauſe of the exiſtence of things, than the participation of the eſſence that's peculiar to every ſubject; and conſequently no other reaſon why one and one makes two, but the participation of duality, as one is one by the participation of unity? Would not you diſcard theſe additions, diviſions, and all the other fine anſwers, and leave them to thoſe who know more than you do? And, for fear of your own ſhadow, as the proverb goes, or rather of your ignorance, would not you confine yourſelf to this principle? And if any one attacked it, would not you let it ſtand without deigning him an anſwer, till you had ſurveyed all the conſequences to ſee if they are of a piece, or not? And if afterwards you ſhould be obliged to give a reaſon for them, would not you do it by having recourſe to ſome of theſe other hypotheſes, that ſhould appear to be the beſt; and ſo proceed from hypotheſis to hypotheſis, till you lighted upon ſomebody that ſatisfied you, as being a ſure and ſtanding truth? At the ſame time, you would be loth to perplex and confound all things, as thoſe

Of an immaterial eſſence, depending upon the firſt truth, viz. God, in which it ſubſiſts, and from whence it proceeds.

A true way of finding out the truth.

diſputants do, who call all things in queſtion. 'Tis true, theſe diſputants perhaps are not much concerned for the truth: and by thus mingling and perplexing all things by an effect of their profound knowledge, they are ſure to pleaſe themſelves. But as for you, if you are true philoſophers, you will do as I ſay.

For the effects are not ſufficient to lay open the nature and eſſence of cauſes.

Simmias and Cebes jointly replied, that he ſaid well.

Echec. Indeed, Phedon, I think it no wonder; for to my mind, Socrates explained his principles with a wonderful neatneſs ſufficient to make an impreſſion upon any man of common ſenſe.

Phed. All the audience thought the ſame.

Echec. Even we who have it only at ſecond hand, find it ſo. But what was ſaid next?

Phed. If I remember right, after they had granted, that the ‡ ſpecies of things have a real ſubſiſtence, and that the things participating of their nature take their denomination from them; then, I ſay, Socrates interrogated Cebes as follows.

If your principle be true, when you ſay Simmias is larger than Socrates, and leſſer than Phedon; do not you imply, that both magnitude and littleneſs are lodged at the ſame time in Simmias?

Yes, replies Cebes.

But do not you own, that this propoſition, Simmias is bigger than Socrates, is not abſolutely and in itſelf true? For Simmias is not bigger

'Tis only true upon the compariſon.

‡ By ſpecies, he means the eternal ideas of things, which ſubſiſt really, *i. e.* in the intellect of God.

becauſe he is Simmias, but becauſe he is poſſeſſed of magnitude. Neither is Simmias leſſer than Phedon, becauſe Phedon is Phedon, but becauſe Phedon is big when compared to Simmias who is little.

That's true.

Thus, continues Socrates, Simmias is called both big and little, as being between two: by partaking of bigneſs, he is bigger than Socrates, and by partaking alſo of littleneſs he is leſſer than Phedon. Then he ſmiled, and ſaid, methinks I have inſiſted too long on theſe things; but I ſhould not have amuſed myſelf with theſe large ſtrokes, had it not been to convince you more effectually of the truth of my principle: for, as I take it, not only magnitude itſelf cannot be at the ſame time big and ſmall; but beſides, the magnitude that is in us does not admit of littleneſs, and has no mind to be ſurpaſſed: for either the magnitude flees and yields its place when it ſees its enemy approaching, or elſe it vaniſhes and periſhes entirely; and, when once it has received it, it deſires to continue as it is. As I, for inſtance, having received littleneſs, while I am as you ſee me, cannot but be little: For that which is big does never attempt to be little: And in like manner littleneſs never encroaches upon magnitude. In a word, any of the contraries, while it is what it is, is never to be found with its contrary; but either diſappears or periſhes when the other comes in.

He means to prove that two contraries can never meet in the ſame ſubject.

Cebes agreed to it: But one of the company, I

forgot who, addreſſed himſelf to Socrates thus: In the name of all the Gods, did not you ſay contrary to what you now advance? Did not you conclude upon this, that greater things take riſe from the leſſer, and the leſſer from the greater; and, in a word, that contraries do ſtill produce their contraries? Whereas now, as I take it, you alledge that can never be.

Whereupon Socrates put his head further out of the bed, and having heard the objection, ſaid to him, indeed you do well to put us in mind of what we ſaid; but you do not perceive the difference between the former and the latter. In the former we aſſerted, that every contrary owes its being to its contrary: And in the latter we teach, that a contrary is never contrary to itſelf, neither in us, nor in the courſe of nature ‡. There we ſpoke of things that had contraries, meaning to call every one of them by their proper names: But here we ſpeak of ſuch things as give a denomination to their ſubjects, which we told you, could never admit of their contraries. Then, turning to Cebes, did not this objection, ſays he, likewiſe give you ſome trouble?

Contraries do in effect ſucceed one another; but never are found together. Thus cold, while it is cold, can never become heat.

‡ That is, there he ſpoke of ſenſible things which have contraries, and are capable of receiving theſe contraries reciprocally, as a little thing becomes big, and a big thing little. But here he ſpeaks of the things themſelves, the intelligible contraries, ſuch as cold and heat, which give name to the ſubjects they are lodged in by their own name, and are never capable of receiving their contraries; for cold can never become heat, nor heat cold, they are always what they are.

No, indeed, Socrates, replies Cebes; I can aſſure you that few things are capable to trouble me at preſent.

Then we agreed upon this ſimple propoſition, ſays Socrates, that a contrary can never be contrary to itſelf.

That is true, ſays Cebes.

But what do you ſay to this? Is cold and heat any thing?

Yes, ſure.

What, is it like ſnow and fire?

No, ſure, Socrates.

He ſpeaks of heat and cold as abſtracted from their ſubjects.

Then you own, that heat is different from fire, and cold from ſnow?

Without queſtion, Socrates.

I believe you'll likewiſe own, that when the ſnow receives heat, it is no more what it was, but either gives way, or diſappears for good and all, when the heat approaches. In like manner the fire will either yield or be extinguiſhed when the cold prevails upon it; for then it cannot be fire and cold together.

'Tis ſo, ſays Cebes.

There are alſo ſome contraries, that not only give name to their ſpecies: but likewiſe impart it to other things different from it, which preſerve its figure and form while they have a being. For inſtance.

As the even and odd numbers.

Muſt not an odd thing have always the ſame name?

Yes, ſure.

Is that the only thing that is ſo called? Or, is not there ſome other things different from it, which muſt needs be called by the ſame name, by reaſon that it belongs to its nature never to be without odds? For inſtance, muſt not the ternary number be called not only by its own name, but likewiſe by the name of an odd number; though at the ſame time to be odd and to be three are two different things? Now ſuch is the nature of the number three, five, and all other odd numbers; each of 'em is always odd, and yet their nature is not the ſame with the nature of the odd. In like manner, even numbers, ſuch as two, four, eight, are all of them even, though at the ſame time their nature is not that of the even. Do not you own this?

For the ternary number partakes of the odd.

How can I do otherwiſe, ſays Cebes?

Pray, mind what I infer from hence. 'Tis, that not only theſe contraries, which are uncapable of receiving their contraries; but all other things which are not oppoſite one to another and yet have always their contraries; all theſe things, I ſay, are uncapable of receiving a form oppoſite to their own; and either diſappear or periſh upon the appearance of the oppoſite form. For inſtance: Number three will ſink a thouſand times rather than become an even number, while it continues to be three. Is it not ſo?

Yes, ſure, replies Cebes.

But after all, ſays Socrates, two are not contrary to three.

No, ſure.

Then the contrary ſpecies are not the only things that refuſe admiſſion to their contraries; ſince, as you ſee other things that are not contrary cannot abide the approach of that which has the leaſt ſhadow of contrariety.

As two cannot receive three, nor three two, though they are not contraries.

That's certain.

Do you deſire then that I ſhould define them as clear as poſſible?

Ay, with all my heart, Socrates.

The definition of contraries.

Muſt not contraries be ſuch things as give ſuch a form to that in which they are lodged, that it is not capable of giving admiſſion to another that's contrary to them?

How do you ſay?

I ſay as I ſaid but now: Where-ever the idea or form of three is lodged, that thing muſt of neceſſity continue, not only to be three, but to be odd.

Who doubts that?

And by conſequence 'tis impoſſible for the idea or form that's contrary to its conſtituent form, ever to approach.

That's a plain caſe.

Well, is not the conſtituent form an odd?

Yes.

Is not even the form that's contrary to odd?

Yes.

Then the form of even is never lodged in three?

No, ſure.

Then three is uncapable of being even

Moſt certainly.

And that, becauſe three is odd?

Yes, ſure.

Now, this is the concluſion I meant to prove, that ſome things that are not contrary to one another, are as uncapable of that other thing, as if it were truly a contrary; as for inſtance, though three is not contrary to an even number, yet it can never admit of it. For two brings always ſomething contrary to an odd number, like fire to cold, and ſeveral other things. Would not you agree then to this definition, that a contrary does not only refuſe admiſſion to its contrary, but likewiſe to that which, being not contrary, brings upon it ſomething of a contrary name, which by that ſort of contrariety deſtroys its form?

I pray you let me hear that again, ſays Cebes; for 'tis worth the while to hear it often.

I ſay number five will never be an even number; juſt as ten, which is its double, will never be odd; no more than three fourths, or a third part, or any other part of a whole, will never admit of the form and idea of the whole. Do you not underſtand me? do you take me up? and do you agree with what I ſay?

I underſtand you; I apprehend you to a miracle; and I agree with you too.

Since you underſtand me, ſays Socrates, pray anſwer me as I do you; that is, anſwer me, not what I aſk, but ſomething elſe, according to the idea and example I have given you; I mean, that beſides the true and certain way of anſwering ſpoken of already, I have yet another in my view that

ſprings from that, and is fully as ſure: For inſtance, if you aſk me what it is, that being in the body, makes it hot, I would not give you this ignorant, though ſure anſwer, that 'tis heat: But would draw a more particular anſwer from what we have been ſpeaking of, and would tell you that it is fire: And if you ſhould aſk what it is that makes the body ſick, I would not ſay, 'twas the diſeaſe but the fever. If you aſk me what makes a number odd, I would not tell you, that it is the oddneſs, but unity; and ſo of the reſt.

For theſe anſwers ſtill make room for new queſtions, and ſo there's no end. We ſhould always have recourſe to the firſt cauſes, or the ſubſtantial cauſe.

Do you underſtand what I mean?

I underſtand you perfectly well, replies Cebes.

Anſwer me, then, continues Socrates; what makes the body live?

He does not ſay life, but the ſoul.

The ſoul.

Is the ſoul always the ſame?

How ſhould it be otherwiſe?

Does the ſoul then carry life along with it into all the bodies it enters.

Moſt certainly.

Is there any thing that's contrary to life, or is there nothing?

Yes, death is the contrary of life.

Then the ſoul will never receive that which is contrary to what it carries in its boſom; that's a neceſſary conſequence from our principles.

For the ſoul can no more receive its contrary, than the odd can the even, or two, three.

'Tis a plain conſequence, ſays Cebes.

But what name do we give to that which refuſes admiſſion to the idea and form of evenneſs?

'Tis the odd number.

How do we call that which never receives juſtice, and that which never receives good?

The one is called injuſtice, and the other evil.

And how do we call that which never admits of death?

Immortal.

Does the ſoul admit of death?

No.

* Then the ſoul is immortal.

Moſt certainly.

Is that fully demonſtrated, or was the demonſtration imperfect?

It is fully made out, Socrates.

‡ If an odd number of neceſſity were incorruptible, would not three be ſo too?

Who doubts it?

If whatever is without heat, were neceſſarily incorruptible, would not ſnow, when put to the fire, withdraw itſelf ſafe from the danger? For ſince it cannot periſh, it will never receive the heat, notwithſtanding its being held to the fire.

What you ſay is true.

In like manner, if that which is not ſuſceptible of cold, were by a natural neceſſity exempted from

* His meaning is, that the ſoul is as far from dying, as good from giving admiſſion to evil, or juſtice to injuſtice, or an odd to an even: And that the ſoul is immortal, as neceſſarily as three is odd.

‡ If the ſoul be immortal, it is incorruptible, *i. e.* it reſiſts and triumphs over all the aſſaults of death.

periſhing, though a whole river were thrown upon the fire, it would never go out, but on the contrary, would come off with its full force.

There's an abſolute neceſſity for that, ſays Cebes.

Then of neceſſity we muſt ſay the ſame of what is immortal: If that which is immortal is incorruptible, though death approach to the ſoul, it ſhall never fall in the attack: For, as we ſaid but now, the ſoul will never receive death, and will never die: Juſt as three, or any odd number will never be even; fire will never be cold, nor its heat be turned to coldneſs.

† Perhaps ſome may anſwer, That 'tis true, the odd can never become even, by the acceſſion of what is even, while it continues odd; but what ſhould hinder the even to take up the room of the odd when it comes to periſh? To this objection § it cannot be anſwered that the odd does not periſh, for it is incorruptible. Had we eſtabliſhed its incorruptibility, we ſhould juſtly have maintained, that notwithſtanding the attacks of the even, the odd of three would ſtill come off without loſs: And we ſhould have aſſerted the

† Socrates prevents an objection, viz That the ſoul, while it is a ſoul does not receive death, but upon the approach of death, it ceaſes to be what it was. To this he gives a ſatisfactory anſwer.

§ He means that a real and ſenſible odd cannot become even by the arrival of an even occaſioning the diſappearance of the odd: For a real odd is not exempted from periſhing. But the ſoul is immortal as three is odd, ſo that it cannot die, but continues for ever, as well as life, juſtice, the proportions of numbers, an intelligible odd, &c.

ſame of fire, heat, and ſuch other things; ſhould not we?

Moſt certainly, ſays Cebes.

And, by conſequence, if we agree upon this, that every immortal thing is incorruptible, it will neceſſarily follow, not only that the ſoul is immortal, but that it is incorruptible. And if we cannot agree upon that, we muſt look out for another proof.

There's no occaſion for that, Socrates, replies Cebes; for what is it that ſhould avoid corruption and death, if an immortal and eternal being be liable to them?

All the world will agree, ſays Socrates, that God and life itſelf, and whatever 'tis that is immortal, does not periſh.

‡ At leaſt, ſays Cebes, all men will profeſs ſo.

The conſequence is abſolutely neceſſary and certain. And, by conſequence, continues Socrates, when a man comes to die, his mortal and corruptible part dies; but the immortal part goes off ſafe, and triumphs over death.

That's plain and evident.

Then, my dear Cebes, if there be any ſuch things as an immortal and incorruptible being,

‡ Cebes means, that men will be forced to ſay ſo, becauſe perhaps, they have not light enough to defeat theſe reaſons, though 'tis poſſible they are none of the beſt. Socrates preſently ſmells this to be the importance of Cebes's words: and, on that view makes this incomparable reply, That the Gods will yet more agree to it, meaning to give us to know, that truth is more truth in the intellect of God, than in the mind of man, which is always too weak to comprehend it.

ſuch is the ſoul; and by conſequence our ſouls ſhall live hereafter.

I have nothing to object, ſays Cebes; and cannot but yield to your arguments. But if Simmias, or any of the company has any thing to offer, they'll do well not to ſtifle it; for when will they find another occaſion for diſcourſing and ſatisfying themſelves upon theſe important ſubjects?

The greatneſs of the ſubject, and the natural weakneſs of men are two great occaſions of their uncertainty with reference to the immortality of the ſoul.

For my part, ſays Simmias, I cannot but ſubſcribe to what Socrates has ſaid: But I own, that the greatneſs of the ſubject, and the natural weakneſs of man occaſion within me a ſort of diſtruſt and incredulity.

He exhorts his friends to ſurvey his arguments more maturely after his death, being perſuaded that the more they dwell upon them the more they'll be convinced of their truth.

You have not only ſpoke well, ſays Socrates, but beſides, notwithſtanding the apparent certainty of our firſt hypotheſis, 'tis needful you ſhould reſume them, in order to a more leiſurely view, and to convince yourſelf more clearly and effectually. If you underſtand them ſufficiently, you'll willingly ſecond my thoughts as much as is poſſible for a man to do: and when you are once fully convinced, you'll need no other proof.

That's well ſaid, replies Cebes.

† There's one thing more, my friends, that is

† 'Tis not enough that the underſtanding be convinced of the immortality of the ſoul, the affections muſt likewiſe be moved. To which end he repreſents the conſequences of that important truth, and all that it requires.

a very juſt thought, viz. that if the ſoul is immortal, it ſtands in need of cultivating and improvement, not only in the time, that we call the time of life; but for the future, or what we call the time of eternity: for if you think juſtly upon this point, you'll find it very dangerous to neglect the ſoul. Were death the diſſolution of the whole man, it would be § a great advantage to the wicked after death, to be rid at once of their body, their ſoul, and their vices. But foraſmuch as the ſoul is immortal, the only way to avoid thoſe evils and obtain ſalvation, is to become good and wiſe: for it carries nothing along with it, but its good or bad actions, and its virtues or vices, which are the cauſe of its eternal happineſs or miſery, commencing from the firſt minute of its arrival in the other world. And 'tis ſaid, that after the death of every individual perſon, the Demon or Genius, that was partner with it and conducted it during life, leads it to a certain place, where all the dead are obliged to appear, in order to be judged, and from thence are conducted by a guide to the world below: And, after they have there received their

The rewarding the good and puniſhing the wicked in the other world, being conſequents of the immortality of the ſoul, require our care of the ſoul in this life.

The ſoul carries nothing into the other world, but its good or bad actions.

§ The wicked would be happy if the ſoul were mortal. This principle has a conſiderable proof of the immortality of the ſoul couched in it; for, if the ſoul were mortal, virtue would be pernicious to the good, and vice would be ſerviceable to the wicked, which is unworthy of God, and by conſequence there muſt be another life, for rewarding the good and puniſhing the bad.

good or bad deſerts, and continued there their appointed time, another conductor brings them back to this life, after ſeveral revolutions of ages. Now this road is not a plain united road, elſe there would be no occaſion for guides, and nobody would miſs their way: but there are ſeveral by-ways and croſs-ways, as I conjecture from the method of our ſacrifices and religious ceremonies. So that a temperate wife ſoul follows its guide, and is not ignorant of what happens to it: but the ſoul that's nailed to its body, as I ſaid juſt now, that is inflamed with the love of it, and has been long its ſlave, after much ſtruggling and ſuffering in this viſible world, is at laſt dragged along againſt its will by the Demon allotted for its guide. And when it arrives at that rendezvous of all ſouls, if it has been guilty of any impurity, or polluted with murder, or has committed any of thoſe attrocious crimes, that deſperate and loſt ſouls are commonly guilty of, the other ſouls abhor it, and avoid its company: it finds neither companion nor guide, but wanders in a fearful ſolitude and horrible deſart; till after a certain time neceſſity drags it into the manſions it deſerves: whereas the temperate and pure ſoul has the gods themſelves for its guides and conductors, and goes to cohabit with them in the manſions of pleaſure prepared for it. For, my friends, there are ſeveral marvellous places in the earth: and 'tis not at all ſuch as the deſcribers of it are wont to make

The ſacrifices and ceremonies of the Pagans were only figures.

The lie did always imitate the truth.

it †, as I was taught by one who knew it very well.

How do you ſay, Socrates, ſays Simmias, interrupting him? I have likewiſe heard ſeveral things of the earth, but not what you have heard. Wherefore I wiſh you would be pleaſed to tell us what you know.

To recount that to you, my dear Simmias, I do not believe we have any occaſion for * Glaucus's art. But to make out the truth of it, is a more difficult matter, and I queſtion if all Glaucus's art can reach it. Such an attempt is not only above my reach; but ſuppoſing it were not, the ſhort time I have left me, will not ſuffer me to embark in ſo long a diſcourſe. All that I can do, is, to give you a general idea of this earth, and the places it contains.

That will be enough, ſays Simmias.

† Socrates does not mention who taught him this doctrine of the pure earth; but it is no hard matter to find out the author. Proclus himſelf acknowledges, that Socrates and Plato owed this idea to the ſacred tradition of the Egyptians, that is, to the Hebrews.

Ο και η των Αιγυπτιων ιερα φημη παραδιδους.

In Tim. lib. 1.

* When they meant to imply the difficulty of a thing, they were wont to ſay, by way of proverb, that they ſtood in need of Glaucus's art, who, from a man, became a ſea-god. But thoſe who comment upon this proverb, allege it was made upon another Glaucus, who invented the forging of iron. But I am induced to believe the contrary, by this, that the fable of Glaucus, the ſea-god, was founded upon his being an excellent diver, to which, it is probable, Socrates alluded: in earneſt, if one would viſit the earth he ſpeaks of, of which ours is only a ſediment, he muſt be a better diver than Glaucus, in order to paſs the currents and ſeas that divide them. He muſt raiſe his thoughts above all earth or material things.

In the firſt place, continues Socrates, I am perſuaded, that if the earth is placed in the middle of heaven, (the air) as they ſay it is, it ſtands in no need of air, or any other ſupport to prevent its fall: for heaven itſelf is wrapt equally about it, and its own equilibrium is in the middle of a thing, that preſſes equally upon it, cannot incline to either ſide, and conſequently ſtands firm and unmoveable. This I am convinced of.

You have reaſon to be ſo, replies Simmias.

I am farther perſuaded, that the earth is very large and ſpacious, and that we only inhabit that part of it which reaches from the river Phaſis to the ſtraits of Gibraltar, upon which we are ſcattered like ſo many ants dwelling in holes, or like frogs that reſide in ſome marſh near the ſea. There are ſeveral other nations that inhabit its other parts that are unknown to us: for, all over the earth there are holes of all ſizes and figures, always filled with groſs air, and covered with thick clouds, and overflown by the waters that ruſh in on all ſides.

There is another ‡ pure earth above the pure heaven where the ſtars are, which is commonly called Æther. The earth we inhabit is properly nothing elſe but the ſediment of the other, and its groſſer part which flows continually into thoſe holes. We are immured in thoſe cells, though we are not ſenſible of it, and fancy we inhabit the upper part of the pure earth: much after the ſame

‡ The idea of this pure earth is taken from the writings of the prophets, from whence the Egyptians derived it.

rate, as if one living in the deeps of the ſea ſhould fancy his habitation to be above the waters: and when he ſees the ſun and other ſtars through the waters, ſhould fancy the ſea to be the heavens; and by reaſon of his heavineſs and weakneſs, having never put forth his head or raiſed himſelf above the waters, ſhould never know that the place we inhabit is purer and neater than his, and ſhould never meet with any perſon to inform him. This is juſt our condition; we are mewed up within ſome hole of the earth, and fancy we live at the top of all: we take the air for the true heavens, in which the ſtars run their rounds. And the cauſe of our miſtake, is our heavineſs and weakneſs, that keep us from ſurmounting this thick and muddy air. If any could mount up with wings to the upper ſurface, he would no ſooner put his head out of the groſs air, but he would behold what's tranſacted in thoſe bleſſed manſions: juſt as the fiſhes ſkipping above the ſurface of the waters, ſee what's done in the air in which we breathe. And if he were a man fit for long contemplation, he would find it to be the § true heaven and the true light: in a word, to be the true earth. For this earth that we inhabit, theſe ſtones, and all places are entirely corrupted and gnawed, juſt as whatever is in the ſea is corroded by the ſharpneſs of the ſalts. And the ſea produces nothing that's perfect or valuable ‡. It

§ For the true heavens and the true light cannot be known without long and continued meditation.

‡ Socrates undervalued all the productions of the ſea, which we now eſteem ſo much.

contains nothing but caves and mud: and wherever any ground is found, there's nothing but deep ſloughs, nothing comparable to what we have here. Now the things in the other manſions are more above what we have here, than what we have here is above what we meet with in the ſea. And in order to make you conceive the beauty of this pure earth ſituated in the heavens, if you pleaſe, I'll tell you a pretty ſtory that's worth your hearing.

We ſhall hear it, ſays Simmias, with a great deal of pleaſure.

§ Firſt of all, my dear Simmias, continued Socrates, if one looks upon this earth from a high place, they ſay, it looks like one of our packs covered with twelve welts of different colours. For it is varied with a greater number of different colours, of which thoſe made uſe of by our painters are but ſorry patterns. For the colours of this earth are infinitely more clean and lively. One is an admirable purple; another a colour of gold, more ſparkling than gold itſelf; a third a white more lively than the ſnow; and ſo on of all the reſt, the beauty whereof leaves our colours here far behind it. The chinks of this earth are filled with water and air, which make up an infinity of admirable ſhadows, ſo wonderfully diverſified by that infinite variety of colours.

In this ſo perfect an earth, every thing has a perfection anſwerable to its qualities. The trees,

§ This deſcription of the beauty of this pure earth, the manſion of the bleſſed, is grounded on the 54th chapter of Iſaiah, and the 28th of Ezekiel.

flowers, fruits and mountains are charmingly beautiful; they produce all ſorts of precious ſtones of an incomparable perfection, clearneſs, and ſplendor, thoſe we eſteem ſo much here, ſuch as emeralds, jaſper, and ſapphire are but ſmall parcels of them. There is not one in that bleſſed earth that is not infinitely more pretty than any of ours. The cauſe of all which is, that all theſe precious ſtones are pure, neither gnawed nor ſpoiled by the ſharpneſs of the ſalts, or the corruption of the ſediment or dregs that fall from thence into our lower earth, where they aſſemble, and infect not only the ſtones and the earth, but the plants and animals, with all ſorts of pollution and diſeaſes.

Beſides all theſe beauties now mentioned, this bleſſed earth is enriched with gold and ſilver, which being ſcattered all over in great abundance, caſts forth a charming ſplendor on all ſides: ſo that a ſight of this earth is a view of the bleſſed. It is inhabited by all ſorts of ‡ animals, and by men, ſome of whom are caſt into the centre of the earth, and others are ſcattered about the air, as we are about the ſea. There are ſome alſo that inhabit the iſles, formed by the air near the continent. For there † the air is the ſame thing that water and ſea are here; and the æther does them

‡ The notion of theſe animals ſeems to be taken from the viſions of Ezekiel.

† In this deſcription we may perceive moſt of the ſtrokes of that given by Moſes of the terreſtrial paradiſe, which was a type of this land of the juſt, the true paradiſe. And, what I take to be very remarkable, we may plainly ſee that theſe philoſophers held this pure earth to be actually in being at the ſame time with this our impure and groſſer earth.

the ſame ſervice that the air does to us. Their ſeaſons are ſo admirably well tempered, that their life is much longer than ours, and always free from diſtempers: and as for their ſight, hearing, and all their other ſenſes, and even their intellect itſelf, they ſurpaſs us as far as the æther they breathe in exceeds our groſs air for ſimplicity and purity. They have ſacred groves, and temples actually inhabited by the gods, who give evidence of their preſence by oracles, divinations, inſpirations, and all other ſenſible ſigns; and who converſe with them. They ſee the ſun and moon, without an intervening medium, and view the ſtars as they are in themſelves. And all the other branches of their felicity are proportional to theſe.

This is the ſituation of the earth, and this is the matter of all that ſurrounds it. All about it there are ſeveral abyſſes in its cavities, ſome of which are deeper and more open than the country we inhabit; others are deeper, but not ſo open; and ſome again have a more extenſive breadth, but a leſſer depth. And theſe abyſſes are bored through in ſeveral parts, and have pipes communicating one with another, through which there runs, juſt as in the caves of mount Ætna, a vaſt quantity of water, very large and deep rivers, ſprings of cold and hot waters, fountains, and rivers § of fire, and other rivers of mud, ſome thin-

§ Plato borrowed from the writings of the prophets thoſe rivers of fire prepared for the puniſhment of the wicked after their judgment, and particularly had read the 8th chapter of Daniel. Theodoret.

ner and ſome thicker and more muddy, like thoſe torrents of mud and of fire that are caſt out from mount Ætna.

Theſe abyſſes are filled with theſe waters, in proportion to their falling out of one into another. All theſe ſources move both downwards and upwards, like a veſſel hung above the earth: which veſſel is naturally one, and indeed the greateſt of theſe abyſſes. It goes acroſs the whole earth, and is open on two ſides. † Homer ſpeaks of it, when he ſays, I'll throw it into the obſcure § Tartarus, that's a great way from hence; the deepeſt abyſs under the earth. Homer is not the only author that called this place by the name of Tartarus: moſt of the other poets did the ſame.

All the rivers rendezvous in this abyſs, and run out from thence again. Each of theſe rivers is tinctured with the nature of the earth through which it runs. And the reaſon of their not ſtagnating in theſe abyſſes, is this, that they find no ground, but roll and throw their waters upſide down. The air and wind that girds them about, does the ſame, for it follows them when they riſe above the earth, and when they deſcend towards us. And juſt as in the reſpiration of animals, there is an inceſſant ingreſs and egreſs of air, ſo the air that mingles with the waters, accompanies them in their ingreſs and egreſs, and raiſes raging winds.

† In the beginning of the 8th book of his Iliad.

§ The prophet Ezekiel calls this Tartarus the nether part of the earth. He ſpeaks of the rivers and waters in the pit, chap. 13 14 15. and 32. 18. But long before Ezekiel, Homer had the ſame ideas from the tradition of the Egyptians.

When theſe waters fall into this lower abyſs, they diffuſe themſelves into all the channels of the ſprings and rivers, and fill them up; juſt as if one were drawing up water with two pails, one of which fills as the other empties. For theſe waters flowing from thence, fill up all our channels; from whence diffuſing themſelves all about, they fill our ſeas, rivers, lakes, and fountains. After that they diſappear, and diving into the earth, ſome with a large compaſs, and others by ſmall turnings, repair to Tartarus, where they enter by other paſſages than thoſe they came out by, and with much lower. Some re-enter on the ſame ſide, and others on the oppoſite ſide to that of their egreſs; and ſome again enter on all ſides, after they have made one or ſeveral turns round the earth; like ſerpents folding their bodies into ſeveral rolls; and having gained entrance, riſe up to the middle of the abyſs, but cannot reach farther, by reaſon that the other half is higher than the level. They form ſeveral very great and large currents; but there are four † principal ones, the greateſt of which is the outermoſt of all, and is called the Ocean.

Oppoſite to that is Acheron, which runs through the deſart places, and diving through the earth,

† Theſe four rivers, which have their courſe in the places appointed for the puniſhment of the wicked, might have been imagined from the four rivers of the terreſtrial paradiſe. As the apartment of the juſt was watered by four rivers, which enlarged its delightfulneſs, 'twas proper that the apartment of the wicked ſhould likewiſe be watered by four rivers of a contrary nature, which might add to the horror of that place of darkneſs and ſorrow.

falls into the marſh, which from it is called the Acheruſian Lake, whither all ſouls repair upon their departure from this body; and having ſtaid there all the time appointed, ſome a ſhorter, ſome a longer time, are ſent back to this world to animate beaſts.

Between Acheron and the ocean, there runs a third river, which retires again not far from its ſource, and falls into a vaſt ſpace full of fire, there it forms a lake greater than our ſea, in which the water mixed with mud boils, and ſetting out from thence all black and muddy, runs along the earth to the end of the Acheruſian lake, without mixing with its waters; and after having made ſeveral turnings under the earth, throws itſelf underneath Tartarus, and this is the flaming river called Phlegethon, the ſtreams whereof are ſeen to fly up upon the earth in ſeveral places.

Oppoſite to this is the fourth river, which falls firſt into a horrible wild place, of a bluiſh colour, called by the name of Stygian, where it forms the formidable lake of Styx: and after it has tinctured itſelf with horrible qualities from the water of that lake, dives into the earth, where it makes ſeveral turns, and directing its courſe over againſt Phlegethon, at laſt meets it in the lake of Acheron, where it does not mingle its waters with thoſe of the other rivers: but after it has run its round on the earth, throws itſelf into Tartarus by a paſſage oppoſite to that of Phlegethon. This fourth river is called by the poets Cocytus. Nature having thus diſpoſed of all theſe things, when the dead arrive at that place whither their demon leads

The judgment of the good and bad.

them, they are all tried and judged, both thoſe that lived a holy and juſt life, and thoſe who wallowed in injuſtice and impiety.

The judgment of thoſe, who are neither abſolutely criminal nor innocent.

Thoſe who are found to have lived neither entirely a criminal, nor abſolutely an innocent life, are ſent to Acheron. There they embark in boats, and are tranſported to the Acheruſian lake, where they dwell, and ſuffer puniſhment proportionable to their crimes; till at laſt being purged and cleanſed from their ſins; and ſet at liberty, they receive the recompence of their good actions.

The judgment of thoſe who are guilty of mortal ſins.

Thoſe whoſe ſins are incurable, and have been guilty of ſacrilege and murder, or ſuch other crimes, are by a juſt and fatal deſtiny thrown headlong into Tartarus, where they are kept priſoners for ever.

The ſentence upon thoſe who are guilty of great ſins curable by repentance.

But thoſe who are found guilty of curable (venal) ſins, tho' very great ones, ſuch as offering of violence to their father or mother in a paſſion, or killing a man, and repenting for it all their lifetime, muſt of neceſſity be likewiſe caſt into Tartarus, but after a year's abode there, the tide throws the homicides back into Cocytus, and the † parricides into Phlegethon, which draws them into the Acheruſian lake. There they cry

† By parricides he means thoſe who offer violence to their parents, for killing a parent is an irremiſſible ſin.

out bitterly, and invoke thoſe whom they have killed or offered violence to, to aid them; and conjure them to forgive them, and to ſuffer them to paſs the lake, and give them admittance. If they are prevailed with, they paſs the lake, and are delivered from their miſery; if not, they are caſt again into Tartarus, which throws them back into theſe rivers; and this continues to be repeated, till they have ſatisfied the injured * perſons. For ſuch is the ſentence pronounced againſt them.

But thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by a holy life, are releaſed from theſe earthly places, theſe horrible priſons: and received above into that pure earth where they dwell; and thoſe of them who are ſufficiently purged by philoſophy, live for ever ‡ without their body, and are received into yet more admirable and delicious manſions, which I cannot eaſily deſcribe, neither do the narrow limits of my time allow me to launch into that ſubject.

A bleſſed immortality is a great price ſet before us.

What I told you but now, is ſufficient, my dear Simmias, to ſhew that we ought to labour all our lifetime to purchaſe virtue and wiſdom, ſince we have ſo great a hope and ſo great a reward propoſed to us.

No man of ſenſe can pretend to aſſure you, that all theſe things are juſt as I have ſaid §: but all

* Socrates teaches, that ſatisfaction muſt precede the pardon of ſin.

‡ This was a great error among the heathens; they did not believe that the body would be glorified.

§ Socrates aſſures us, that the matter is ſo, but is not poſitive of the manner.

thinking men will be poſitive that the ſtate of the ſoul, and the place of its abode after death, is abſolutely ſuch as I repreſent it to be, or at leaſt very near it, provided the ſoul be immortal; and will certainly find it worth his while to run the riſk; for what danger is more inviting? One muſt needs be charmed with that bleſſed hope. And for this reaſon I have dilated a little upon this ſubject.

What danger more inviting than to venture a finite loſs for an infinite gain?

Every one that during his lifetime renounced the pleaſures of the body, that looked upon the appurtenances of the body, as foreign ornaments, and ſiding with the contrary party, purſued only the pleaſures of true knowledge, and beautified his ſoul, not with foreign ornaments, but with ornaments ſuitable to its nature, ſuch as temperance, juſtice, fortitude, liberty and truth: ſuch a one, being firmly confident of the happineſs of his ſoul, ought to wait peaceably for the hour of his removal, as being always ready for the voyage whenever his fate calls him.

The pleaſure of true knowledge.

The ſuitable ornaments of the ſoul.

As for you, my dear Simmias, Cebes, and all you of this company, you ſhall follow me when your hour comes. Mine is now, and as a tragical poet would ſay, the ſurly pilot calls me aboard; wherefore 'tis time I ſhould go to the bath: for I think 'tis better to drink the poiſon after I am waſhed, in order to ſave the women the trouble of waſhing me after I am dead.

Socrates having thus ſpoke, Crito addreſſed

himſelf to Socrates, thus: Alas, then! in God's name be it. But what orders do you give me and the reſt here preſent, with reference to your children, or your affairs, that by putting them in execution, we may at leaſt have the comfort of obliging you?

To aſk nothing of our friends but that they take care of themſelves. All is comprehended in that prayer.

What I now recommend to you, Crito, replies Socrates, is what I always recommended, viz. To take care of yourſelves. You cannot do yourſelves a more conſiderable piece of ſervice, nor oblige me and my family more §, than to promiſe me at this time ſo to do. Whereas if you neglect yourſelves, and refuſe to form your lives according to the model ‡ I propoſed to you, and follow it as it were by the footſteps, all your proteſtations and offers of ſervice will be altogether uſeleſs to me.

We ſhall do our utmoſt, Socrates, replies Crito, to obey you. But how will you be buried?

Juſt as you pleaſe, ſays Socrates; if you can

§ There's a great deal of ſenſe in what Socrates here tells his friends; he deſires them only to take care of themſelves, becauſe if they take care of themſelves, they'll prove good men; and being ſuch, will do all good offices to his family, though they did not promiſe it for good men are honeſt, and take pleaſure in doing good, and love their neighbours. Whereas if they neglected themſelves, notwithſtanding all their fair promiſes, they would not be capable to do any thing either for him or themſelves. None but good men can do ſervice. How great is this truth!

‡ This model is God; for he ſtill told them that they ſhould render themſelves conformable to God, as much as human weakneſs would bear.

but catch me, and if I do not give you the ſlip. At the ſame time, looking upon us with a gentle ſmile, I cannot, ſays he, compaſs my end, in perſuading Crito that this is Socrates who diſcourſes with you, and methodizes all the parts of this diſcourſe; and ſtill he fancies that Socrates is the thing that ſhall ſee death by and by. He confounds me with my corpſe; and in that view aſks how I muſt be buried? And this long diſcourſe that I made to you but now, in order to make it out, that as ſoon as I ſhall have taken down the poiſon, I ſhall ſtay no longer with you but ſhall part from hence, and go to enjoy the felicity of the bleſſed; in a word, all that I have ſaid for your conſolation and mine, is to no purpoſe, but is all loſt, with reference to him. I beg of you, that you will be bail for me to Crito, but after a contrary manner to that in which he offered to bail me to my judges: for he engaged that I would not begone. Pray, engage for me, that I ſhall be no ſooner dead, but I ſhall be gone, to the end that poor Crito may bear my death more ſtedfaſtly; and when he ſees my body burnt or interred, may not deſpair, as if I ſuffered great miſery, and ſay at my funeral, that Socrates is interred. For you muſt know, my dear Crito, ſays he, turning to him, that ſpeaking amiſs of death is not only a fault in the way of ſpeaking, but likewiſe wounds the ſoul. You ſhould have more courage and hope, and ſay that my body is to be interred. That you may inter as you pleaſe, and

But diſcourſes give dangerous wounds to the ſoul.

in the manner that's moſt conformable to our laws and cuſtoms.

Having ſpoke thus, he roſe and went into the next room to bathe. Crito followed him, and he deſired we ſhould attend him. Accordingly we all attended him, and entertained ourſelves one while with a repetition and farther examination of what he had ſaid, another while in ſpeaking of the miſerable ſtate that was before us. For we all looked upon ourſelves as perſons deprived of our good father, that were about to paſs the reſt of our life in an orphan ſtate.

After he came out of the bath, they brought his children to him; for he had three, two little ones, and one that was pretty big: And the women of his family came all into him. He ſpoke to them ſome time in the preſence of Crito, gave them their orders, and ordered them to retire, carry his children along with them, and then came back to us. 'Twas then towards ſun-ſetting, for he had been a long while in the little room.

When he came in, he ſat down upon his bed, without ſaying much: For much about the ſame time the officer of the eleven magiſtrates came in, and drawing near to him, Socrates, ſays he, I have no occaſion to make the ſame complaint of you, that I have every day of thoſe in the ſame condition; for as ſoon as I come to acquaint them by orders from the eleven magiſtrates, that they muſt drink the poiſon, they are incenſed againſt me and curſe me: But as for you, ever ſince you came into this place, I have found you to be the moſt even tempered, the calmeſt, and the beſt man

that ever entered this priſon; and I am confident that at preſent you are not angry with me; doubtleſs you are angry with none, but thoſe who are the cauſe of your misfortune. You know them without naming. On this occaſion, Socrates, you know what I come to tell you; farewell, endeavour to bear this neceſſity with a conſtant mind. Having ſpoke thus, he began to cry; and turning his back upon us, retired a little. Farewell, my friend, ſays Socrates, looking upon him, I'll follow the counſel thou giveſt me. Mind, ſays he, what honeſty is in that fellow. During my impriſonment he came often to ſee me, and converſed with me: He's more worth than all the reſt. How heartily he cries for me! Let us obey him with a handſome mien, my dear Crito; if the poiſon be brewed, let him bring it; if not, let him brew it himſelf.

But, methinks, Socrates, ſays Crito, the ſun ſhines upon the mountains, and is not yet ſet; and I know ſeveral in your circumſtances did not drink the poiſon till a long time after the order was given; that they ſupped very well § and enjoyed any thing they had a mind to: Wherefore I conjure you not to preſs ſo hard; you have yet time enough.

Thoſe who do as you ſay, Crito, ſays Socrates, have their own reaſons; they think it is juſt as much time gained: And I have likewiſe my rea-

§ This affords us a beautiful proſpect of the vaſt difference between Socrates and thoſe brutiſh men, who died without any other ſentiments of their miſery.

ſons for not doing ſo; for the only advantage I can have by drinking it later, is only to make myſelf ridiculous to myſelf, in being ſo fooliſhly fond of life as to pretend to huſband it in the laſt minute, when there's no more to come. Go then, my dear Crito, and do as I bid you do, and do not vex me any longer.

He alludes to a verſe of Heſiod, who ſays 'tis an unlucky ſparing when one's come to the bottom,

Whereupon Crito gave the ſign to the ſlave that waited juſt by. The ſlave went out, and after he had ſpent ſome time in brewing the poiſon, returned, accompanied by him that was to give it, and brought it altogether in one cup. Socrates ſeeing him come in, that's very well, my friend, ſays he: but what muſt I do? For you know beſt, and 'tis your buſineſs to direct me.

You have nothing elſe to do, ſays he, but whenever you have drank it, to walk until you find your legs ſtiff, and then to lie down upon your bed. This is all you have to do. And at the ſame time he gave him the cup: Socrates took it, not only without any commotion, or change of colour or countenance, but with joy; and looking upon the fellow with a ſteady and bold eye, as he was wont to do, What do you ſay of this mixture, ſays he; is it allowable to make a drink offering of it? Socrates, replied the man, we never brew more at once, than what ſerves for one doſe.

I underſtand you, ſays Socrates: But at leaſt it is lawful for me to pray to the Gods, that they

Socrates prays before he ſwallows the poiſon.

would bleſs the voyage, and render it happy. This I beg of them with all my ſoul. Having ſaid that, he drank it off with an extraordinary calmneſs, and an inexpreſſible tranquillity.

We had until this time, almoſt all of us, the power to refrain from tears; but when we ſaw him drink it off, we were no longer maſters of ourſelves. In ſpite of all my efforts, I was forced to cover myſelf with my mantle, that I might freely regret my condition; for 'twas not Socrates's misfortune, but my own that I deplored, in reflecting what a friend I was bereft of. Crito, who likewiſe could not abſtain from crying, had prevented me, and riſen up. And Apollodorus, who ſcarce ceaſed to cry during the whole conference, did then howl and cry aloud, inſomuch that he moved every body. Only Socrates himſelf was not at all moved: On the contrary, he chid them; What are you doing, my friends, ſays he? What! ſuch fine men as you are! O! Where is virtue? Was it not for this reaſon that I ſent off thoſe women for fear they ſhould have fallen into theſe weakneſſes; for I always heard it ſaid, that a man ought to die in peace, and bleſſing God? Be eaſy then, and ſhew more ſteadineſs and courage. Theſe words filled us with confuſion, and obliged us to ſuppreſs our tears.

We ſhould die peacefully, bleſſing God.

In the mean time, he continued to walk, and when he felt his legs ſtiff, he lay down on his back, as the man had commanded him. At the ſame time, the ſame man that gave him the poiſon, came up to him, and after looking upon his legs

and feet, bound up his feet with all his ſtrength, and aſked him if he felt it? He ſaid, No. Then he bound up his legs; and having carried his hand higher, gave us the ſignal that he was quite cold. Socrates likewiſe felt himſelf with his hand, and told us, that when the cold came up to his heart, he ſhould leave us. All his lower belly was already frozen: And then uncovering himſelf, for he was covered, Crito, ſays he, (theſe were his laſt words) ‡ We owe a cock to Æſculapius, diſcharge this vow for me, and do not forget it. It ſhall be done, ſays Crito; but ſee if you have any thing elſe to ſay to us. He made no anſwer, but after a little ſpace of time, expired. The man who was ſtill by him, having uncovered him, received his laſt looks, which continued fixed up-

i. e. His head was covered, that nothing might diſturb him.

Socrates's laſt words.

Having ſpoke theſe words, he drew his cloak again over his head.

‡ Thoſe who have not dived into the real meaning of Socrates, charge him with idolatry and ſuperſtition, upon the ſcore of this cock that he had vowed to Æſculapius. But theſe words ſhould not be taken literally, they are ænigmatical, as many of Plato's are, and can never be underſtood, unleſs we have recourſe to figures and allegories. The cock here is the ſymbol of life, and Æſculapius the emblem of phyſick. Socrates's meaning is, that he reſigns his ſoul into the hands of the true phyſician, who comes to purify and heal him. This explication ſuits admirably well with the doctrine taught by Socrates in this ſame treatiſe, where he ſhews that religious ſacrifices were only figures. Theodoret had a juſter notion of this paſſage than Lactantius and Tertullian; for he not only did not condemn it, but inſinuated that it was figurative, in his ſeventh diſcourſe of the cure of the opinions of the Pagans. I am perſuaded, ſays he, that Socrates ordered a cock to be ſacrificed to Æſculapius, to ſhew the injuſtice of his condemnation, for he was condemned for owning no God. He owned a God, and ſhewed that his God ſtood in no

on him. Crito, ſeeing that, advanced and ſhut his mouth and eyes.

This, Echecrates, was the end of our friend, a man, who § beyond all diſpute, was the beſt, and moſt ſenſible, and the honeſteſt of all our acquaintance.

need of our ſacrifices or homage, and required nothing elſe from us but piety and ſanctity.

§ Xenophon, that faithful hiſtorian of the actions and memorable ſayings of Socrates, gives him the ſame encomium. And having ſaid that he was the beſt man in the world, and the greateſt favourite with God, he concludes with theſe words. "If any man be of another mind, pray let him compare his manners and actions with "thoſe of other men, and then let him judge." In ſhort, that is the true way of judging of men. Nothing but the true religion did ever form a more ſurpriſing and divine man than he was.

FINIS.